

NOVEMBER, 1913

The

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INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



The Blanket Stiff

WHEN A PRIEST KILLS

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

SOCIALISM

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of St. Paul's Seminary

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OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 5



WORKING CLASS MOTHERS AND CHILDREN PICKING UP FOOD AND FUEL
IN THE STREETS AND ALLEYS OF DUBLIN, IN "GOOD OLD IRELAND."

HOME DESPOTISM IN IRELAND

By William E. Bohn

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y

TO show the Irish what's what in the way of government, nothing better could have happened. For centuries they have prayed and fought against a foreign tyrant. Now they are to have home rule. At the very moment when they are to be free from their foreign oppressor, the people of Dublin are mauled by police and soldiers. The world looks that way and learns that the "free" citizens are not to be allowed to belong to labor unions, or hold meet-

ings, or even remain peacefully within doors in their dwellings. It also discovers, quite incidentally, that 20,000 Dublin families live in miserable tenements with an average of five persons to a room. And the tyrant who, more than any other single person, is responsible for all this is one William Martin Murphy. His name somehow lacks the English flavor. He is the president of the Dublin United Tramways Company and leading spirit in the Dublin Employers' Federation. It

was this man Murphy, no Englishman or other foreigner, who said in a public address, that the workers of Dublin are poor and hungry and therefore must submit to any terms which are dictated to them. He openly, boastfully, proclaimed them slaves.

This enlightening exhibition of Irish "home rule" comes about as a result of the struggles of the Dublin tramway workers. They are organized as a division of the Irish Transport Workers, and their leader is Mr. "Jim" Larkin, a good Socialist and a brave man. The trouble began when Murphy ordered some of his employes to leave the union. They refused; he discharged them; then all the men went out, and soon a general transport strike was ordered throughout the city. Then the members of the employers' federation began to declare sympathetic lockouts. Everywhere press and pulpit are denouncing sympathetic strikes, but little is said about these lockouts. The end is not yet.

In order to understand what follows, it is necessary to take into account a revelation made by the *London Daily Herald*. The *Herald* has published a partial list of stockholders in Mr. Murphy's company. The list includes: Lord Archbishop Tuam, Mr. E. G. Swift, Chief Divisional Magistrate, Dublin Metropolitan Police, Sir Patrick Coll, Chief Prosecutor for the Crown, Mrs. Eliza Dougherty, wife of the Undersecretary, Dublin Castle, and a large number of Nationalist members of Parliament and other official dignitaries. It is reported that before the lockouts were ordered, Mr. Murphy visited Dublin Castle, the seat of the English government of Ireland, and came to an understanding with the representatives of the crown. On Thursday, September 25, Jim Larkin and other union leaders were arrested and tried before Stockholder Swift on a charge of "seditious libel," including raising of "discontent and hatred between the working classes of Dublin and the police and soldiers of the crown." They were released on bail.

The tramway workers arranged for a great protest meeting in one of the streets of the city. Stockholder Swift forbade the holding of this meeting and threatened to prosecute all who took part

in it or encouraged the holding of it. On Saturday a number of lockouts served to add to the excitement. In the evening the Metropolitan Police and Royal Irish Constabulary viciously attacked people of all sorts who happened to be passing near the headquarters of the Transport Workers. On Sunday morning the police took possession of Sackville Street, where the meeting was to be held. Jim Larkin had announced, with true Irish spirit, that he would be there "dead or alive." And he was. At the right moment, a venerable, gray-bearded gentleman stepped out on a balcony, tore off parts of his disguise and revealed himself as the redoubtable Jim. Hardly had he begun to speak, however, when he was hustled off by the police. Then began a veritable massacre. Police and soldiers, many of them half drunk, went up and down the town beating up everyone they came across. In the working class quarter they entered the tenements and went from room to room knocking down the inhabitants and destroying the furniture. On the Monday evening following there were similar onslaughts. As a result of these various attacks at least two men were killed. It is reported that 440 wounded were treated in the hospitals. Of course it is impossible to compute the number of the injured.

In ordinary cases there is no use in describing such occurrences in detail. In our own country we have seen enough of the same sort of thing. The working class is getting used to it. But we have in this country so many Irishmen who sent their good money back to the old country to free Ireland from the foreign tyrant that it seems worth while to record for their benefit two descriptions of what is now taking place in Dublin. It will show them better than anything else could what the freedom of Ireland amounts to. They may well ask themselves if this is what they have been paying for all these years. They should bear in mind that these atrocities were committed by Irishmen, and that others like them will be reported as long as "free" Ireland belongs to capitalists, no matter what their nationality.

Mr. Handel Booth, a Liberal member of Parliament, happened to be in Dublin



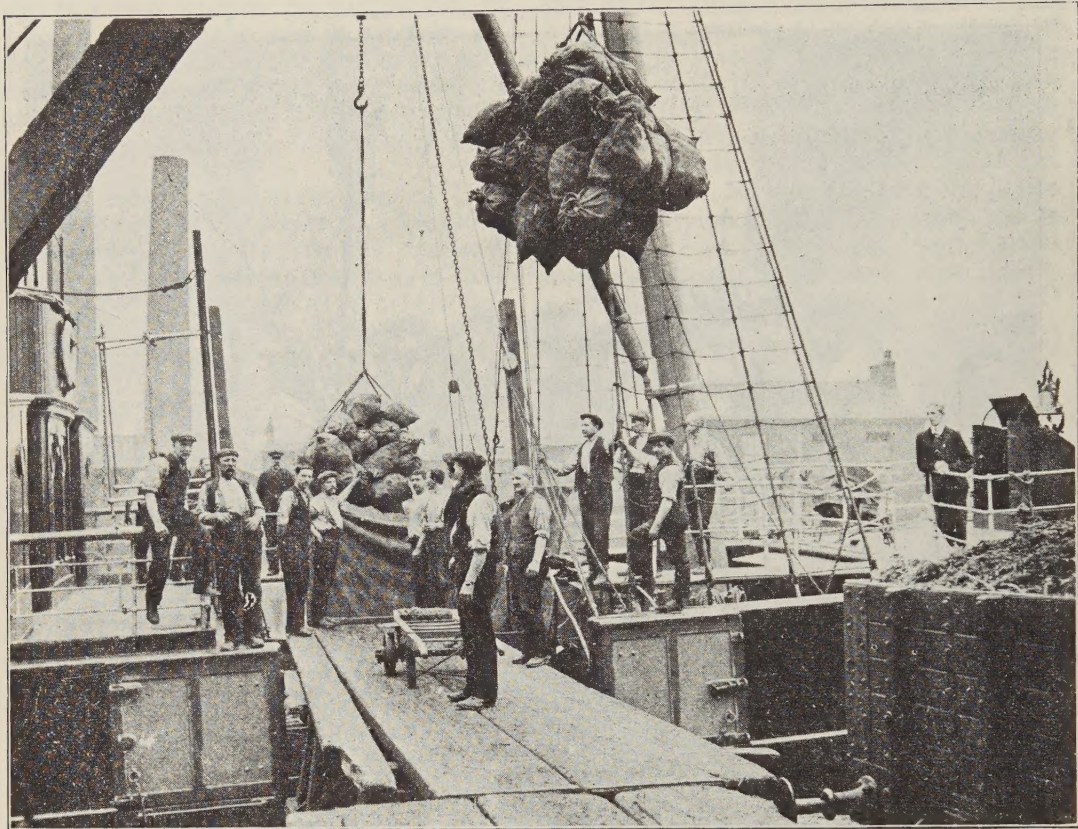
PARADE OF STRIKERS WITH THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN—DUBLIN.

when the trouble was at its height. Speaking of the Sunday assault, he said: "The street was in the hands of the most brutal constabulary ever let loose upon a peaceful assembly. Up and down the road, backwards and forwards, the police rushed like men possessed. Some drove the crowd into side streets to meet other batches of the government minions wildly striking with truncheons at everyone within reach. . . . Kicking the victims when prostrate was a settled part of the police program."

A correspondent of the *Glasgow For-*

ward gives the results of an investigation by a committee of the Dublin Corporation (or city council). One witness after another described the breaking into tenements and the beating up of men, women and children. Here is a typical bit of testimony: "The police broke in the door, which was locked, and found the wife in bed with a seven-days-old baby; they beat the mother about the body and pulled her out of bed, and gave the baby a black eye."

Comrade Jim Larkin is still in jail. In jail also are a number of others who



MANCHESTER STRIKERS LOADING FOOD FOR DUBLIN STRIKERS ON BOARD THE "HARE"—\$25,000 WORTH OF PROVISIONS WERE PUT ON BOARD, ALL BEING DONATED BY ENGLISH WORKERS. THEY ARE PLANNING TO SEND A RELIEF SHIP EVERY WEEK

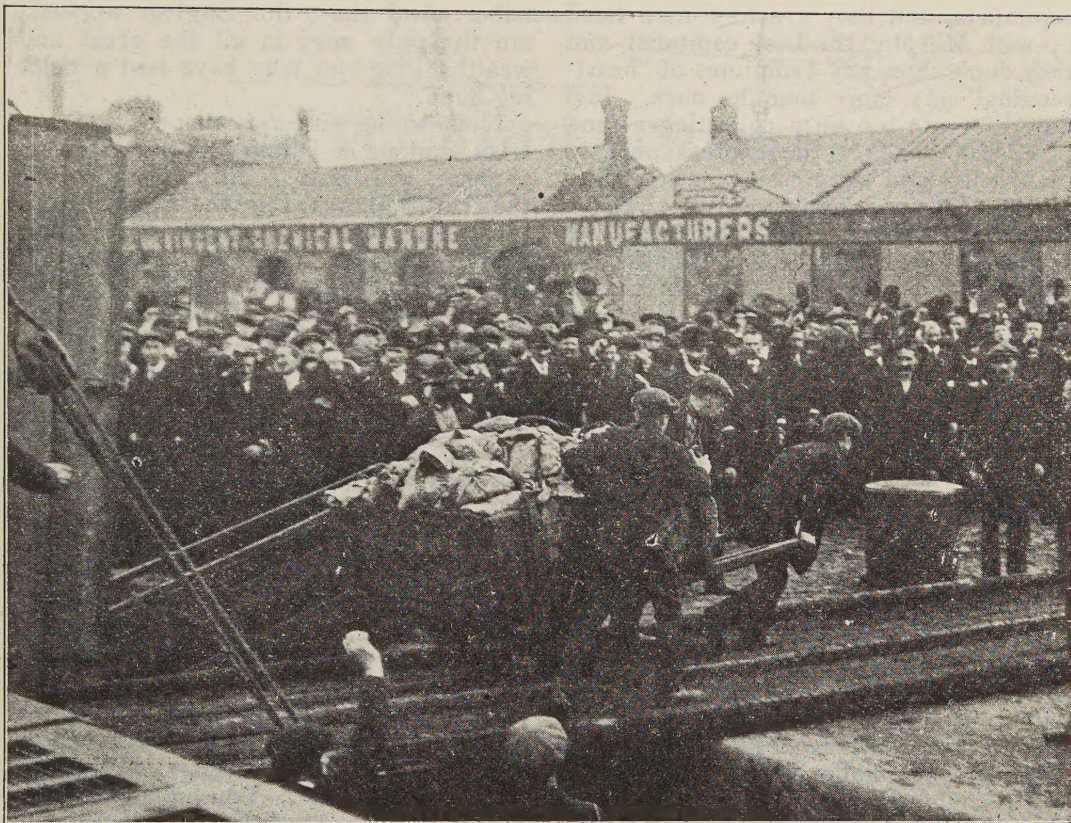
have been standing by him in fight. Among these is Comrade James Connolly, well known to many American Socialists. Magnificent help has come from the workers of England. By sending money and food they have proved they were never the oppressors of Ireland. The British Trades Congress happened to be in session at Manchester when affairs in Dublin were at their worst. A delegation of six was sent over to investigate and offer assistance. They addressed a great meeting, which, it ap-

pears, the police authorities did not dare to molest. At the same time a great protest meeting was held in London. English and Irish workers are alive to the situation. The battle of Dublin is just another incident in the great struggle of British workers. Coming, as it has, at the height of the home-rule enthusiasm, it has done more than anything else could have done to open the eyes of the Irish workers. They find themselves fighting English and Irish capitalists with English workers as their allies.

THE TWO ENGLANDS—AND IRELAND

FIVE weeks of strife and struggle in the great transport workers' strike in Dublin, and 100,000 of the inhabitants—one-third of the total population of the city—are on the very verge of actual starvation. Press dispatches represent the

condition as "heartrending." Famished children by the thousand begging on every street of the city, while the adult men and women, gaunt, haggard and weak with hunger, stagger to and fro in the vain search for food.



THOUSANDS OF STRIKERS WELCOMING THE "HARE" ON ITS ARRIVAL AT DUBLIN. THE 65,000 PACKAGES OF FOOD WERE UNLOADED BY THE STRIKING DOCK WORKERS. IT TOOK THREE DAYS FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE SHOP ASSISTANTS' UNION TO DISTRIBUTE THE CARGO.

But it isn't rending any capitalist hearts that one can notice. For "Dublin is being ruined"—that is, the Dublin of the parasites and exploiters. Their army of helots, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, rebelling against intolerable slavery, have gone back on them, and the "superior ability of the capitalists" avails nothing in this crisis. From the day that they turned thousands of their uniformed police brutes on these starving slaves and smashed and clubbed and murdered them by the score, the Dublin capitalist, represented by one Murphy, the truculent and merciless foe of labor organization in all forms, has hardened his alleged heart to the consistency of a paving stone, and now in the fifth week of the strike the Irish exploiter gloats over the starvation of his countrymen and calculates on the time when the pressure of hunger will force them to yield, just

as callously and brutally as the most "brutal Saxon oppressor." Murphy, the Irish capitalist, is obdurate, inflexible and relentless, and will hear of no compromise, no concession, not if famine sends thousands of his countrymen to the grave. He's a patriot and a Nationalist and a Home Ruler, of course, and he weeps over the woes of Ireland, but this thing moves him not.

And England? What is England doing in this emergency? It isn't much that Irishmen expect of the thing they call "England," but this situation in Dublin promises to open their eyes to the fact that what they have been accustomed by their politicians to regard as "England" may not be altogether correct or adequate, for there are two distinct "Englands" showing their hands in this Dublin tragedy.

One of them is the England of the

capitalists, and they are to a man lined up with Murphy, the Irish capitalist, and they don't show any symptoms of "heart-rending" any more than he does. Just now they are too busy collecting a fund of \$250,000,000 for the express purpose of fighting and suppressing such strikes among their workingmen as Murphy now has on his hands. If they send any money across it will be to help Murphy, their brother capitalist, starve his workers into submission.

And the other England? What is it doing? That other England is the England of the workers and is composed of miners, railwaymen, dockers and wage earners of all sorts. That England isn't talking about its heart being rent. Out of its meager wages, out of its starvation rations, it has withheld a dole for its Irish comrades. Last week it loaded a ship with \$25,000 worth of provisions and landed them on the Dublin quays for the relief of the famine-stricken workers of the Irish capital, and every week afterwards it will send \$5,000 for the same purpose. Not for charity, not out of pity, not with any protestations about bleeding and rending hearts, but for the stern and manly purpose of enabling them to carry on the fight against their sordid exploiters, the Irish capitalist

tribe. And they, the English workers, are the only ones in all the great and wealthy kingdom who have lent a helping hand.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Irish workers of Dublin, through this experience, will learn to distinguish between the two Englands; that the English capitalist, like the Irish capitalist, is their tyrant, exploiter and mortal enemy; that between them there is no difference, that of nationality counting for nothing. And that the English workers are their brethren despite the difference in race and nationality, and that they are bound together in one common class tie, and with one common object—to rid themselves of all capitalists, regardless of race, nationality or creed.

If the Dublin workers learn that, their strike will be victorious, whatever be the outcome. If they do not, any victory they may win will be only apparent, and in reality a defeat. It may be a trite saying, but the Dublin strike and its developments bring out more than anything else the necessity of realizing the old watchword of the proletariat, "Workers of the world, unite! You having nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."—N. Y. Call.

DUBLIN PARALYZED

[Special to the Review from The Daily Citizen, London.]

Over 20,000 men on strike or locked out.

Cause: Refusal of the Dublin Employers' Federation to recognize the Irish Transport Workers' Federation in the dispute of the Dublin tramwaymen who are members of the Federation. The Employers' Federation have locked out nearly 9,000 men who declined to sign a pledge not to support the transport workers.

LIVERPOOL.

3,000 railwaymen on strike.

Cause: Suspension of men who refuse to handle goods forwarded from Dublin by black-leg labor.

BIRMINGHAM.

6,000 railway men on strike.

Cause: The same as the strike at Liverpool.

The Dublin employers have now definitely settled down to a policy of starving workers into submission.

The grand manœuvre by which men and women were to be driven to signing away their elementary rights has failed. Employers have

done their worst by lock-out and dismissal, and the only effect has been to unite workers as they never have been united in Dublin before. Now a policy of starving out has been entered upon.

All these tactics have only aroused public sympathy. Support, moral and financial, for the men is coming in in increasing volume to locked-out workers. With each move in the attack against organized labor in the city the determination among the men becomes stronger.

This morning the agricultural laborers on the south side of Co. Dublin refused to go into work, following the example of those on the north side. Harvesting operations in the county are at a standstill. The building trade, with a few exceptions where employers did not demand the obnoxious pledge, is shut down. The quays are deserted; there is practically no vehicular traffic, and no trams run after six o'clock. Scores of steamers are lying idle at North and South Walls. In a word, the trade and industry of the city is paralyzed.

THE FOOD DESTROYERS

By Mary E. Marcy

WHEN one of the great Chicago fruit companies had a carload of bananas dumped into the Chicago river in order to force the price up at a time when thousands of people were applying to the Bureau of Associated Charities for aid, someone wrote:

"It has remained for the Twentieth century to produce a race of degenerates which will ACTUALLY DESTROY FOOD in the face of its starving brothers and sisters. The most barbarous savage tribes never sank so low as that."

A little later we read the glowing reports of the Coffee Planters' Association, boasting of the rise in the price of coffee consequent upon the destruction of a few cargoes of coffee. The loss of a small part of the product one season had enabled the association to RAISE THE PRICE several cents a pound, instead of lowering it, as would have been the case if a few extra cargoes had been thrown on the market.

Now comes the rice outrage.

Everyone knows that rice is one of the most nutritious articles of food. Recently the swamp lands in Texas have been drained and an area of over 800,000 acres has been added to the Southern rice fields.

Now it is impossible for American rice growers to dispose of their rice in Asia. The Asiatics raise it cheaper at home. A larger crop of rice in America ought to mean cheaper rice and more rice for us.

If rice were raised for FOOD, instead of for PROFITS, a large crop would mean a more comfortable living for human beings in America. With the bumper crop has come a fall in the price of rice.

So here is what the Southern Rice Growers' Association proposes to do with the surplus. We quote from the "Grocery World and General Merchant":

The association proposes that every rice grower in the United States set aside one-fifth of his crop to be intrusted to the Southern Rice Growers' Association, to be mar-

keted outside of the country to the best possible advantage. Then the rice growers' organ goes on to say:

The balance of the crop will bring more money than the whole crop would have brought if kept at home. IF WE COULD DESTROY A MILLION AND A QUARTER SACKS, GETTING NOTHING FOR IT, THE BALANCE WOULD BRING MORE THAN THE WHOLE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT. BUT BY THIS PLAN WE GET SOMETHING FOR THE MILLION AND A QUARTER SACKS, AND WE GET IT OUT OF THE WAY.

THIS PLAN HAS THE CORDIAL APPROVAL OF BANKERS WHO HAVE LOOKED INTO IT, AND BIG INTERESTS OUTSIDE THE ASSOCIATION HAVE PROMISED TO COME IN. For this plan to be effective must have EVERYBODY IN IT.

It is a case where we've got to do something, and the only feasible thing proposed is to get the rice out of the country. IT'S A PLAIN, SIMPLE, LOGICAL BUSINESS PROPOSITION, NOT A THEORY.

You may lose a dollar a barrel on one-fifth of your rice, but you certainly will MAKE A DOLLAR A BARREL MORE on the remaining four-fifths.

Think this over. Workingmen RAISED the rice crops. The bosses who own the land APPROPRIATED these crops. Now these bosses find that the laborers have produced more rice than ever before—enough more to feed a million children during the sharp bite of the winter's cold.

The workers who planted the rice and tended it through the seasons have received nothing for their labor but a meagre wage. The bosses, who have produced NOTHING, possess all the rich bounty of grain.

And there is so much rice that the price of rice is falling and the Southern Rice

Growers' Association is asking that one-fifth of the life-giving crop be DESTROYED in order to force prices up and INCREASE PROFITS.

And there are, in this broad Land of the Bosses, hundreds of thousands of men and women out of work; there are children who never have enough to eat.

And yet—food for a million little ones shall be destroyed in this, the Twentieth century, in the name of the Great God Profits.

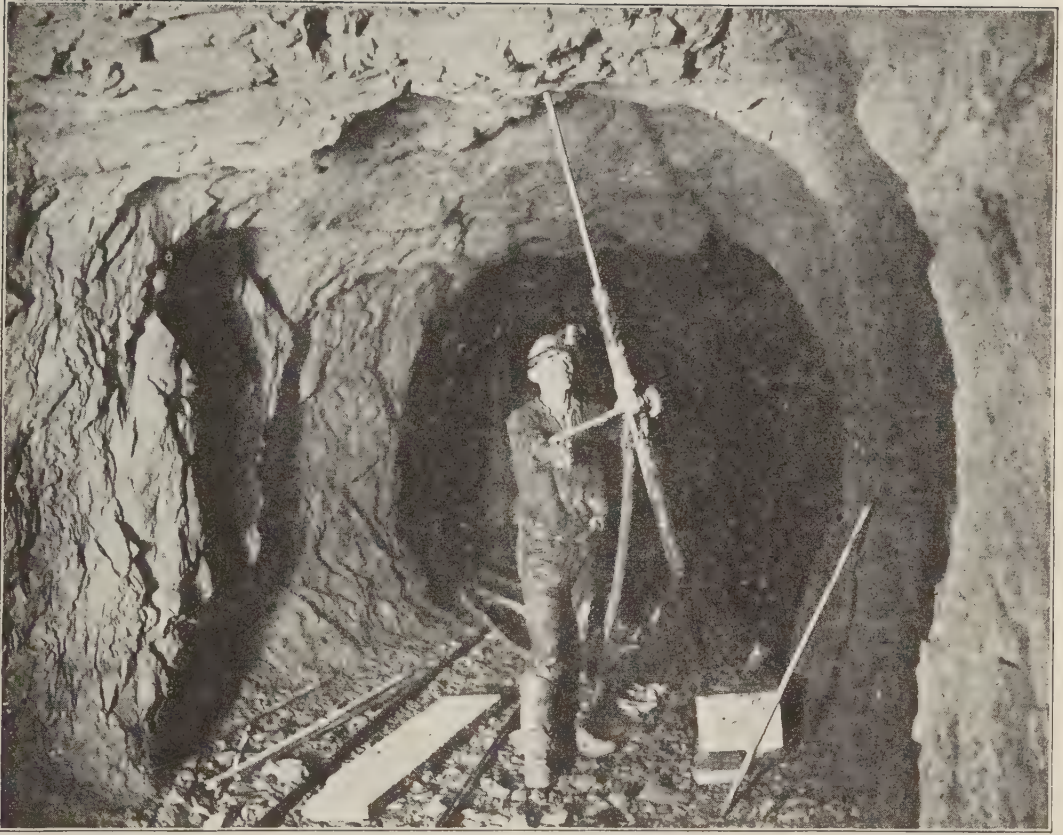
And this is why the song of Revolution is swelling around the world in ten million throats: DOWN WITH THE PROFIT SYSTEM!

LABOR

By Berton Braley.

Out of chaos, out of murk
 I arose and did my work;
 While the ages changed and sped,
 I was toiling for my bread.
 Underneath my sturdy blows
 Forests fell and cities rose,
 And the hard, reluctant soil
 Blossomed richly from my toil.
 Palaces and temples grand
 Wrought I with my cunning hand.
 Rich indeed was my reward—
 Stunted soul and body scarred
 With the marks of scourge and rod.
 I, the tiller of the sod,
 From the cradle to the grave
 Shambled through the world—a slave
 Crushed and trampled, beaten, cursed,
 Serving best, but served the worst,
 Starved and cheated, gouged and spoiled.
 Still I builded, still I toiled,
 Undernourished, underpaid,
 In the world myself had made.
 Up from slavery I rise,
 Dreams and wonder in my eyes.
 After brutal ages past
 Coming to my own at last,
 I was slave—but I am free!
 I was blind—but I can see!
 I, the builder, I, the maker,
 I, the calm tradition-breaker,
 Slave and serf and clod no longer,
 Know my strength—and who is stronger?
 I am done with ancient frauds,
 Ancient lies and ancient gods—
 All that sham is overthrown,
 I shall take and keep my own.
 Unimpassioned, unafraid,
 Master of the world I've made!

—From the New York Call.



THE ONE-MAN DRILL.

THE COPPER STRIKE

WAY up in the upper peninsula of Northern Michigan 15,000 copper miners are waging a grim battle against the absentee Copper Kings. The men have worked ten and twelve-hour shifts for many years at an average wage of only \$2.00 a day. Recently the companies decided to force the men to work one-man drills. Three miles in the bowels of the earth they planned to send the human moles of Michigan to dig and bring forth wealth for the spending of the bosses.

But they reckoned without the splendid spirit of the miners, who have struggled along under growing pressure from the mine bosses, while the cost of living climbed

merrily upward and the standard of living went down with every leap in the prices of commodities.

The mine boys came to a few conclusions themselves and decided to raise the price of their **LABOR POWER**. They also made up their minds that they would enact a new labor law (among themselves) and cut short their underground workday.

They looked over the financial reports of the Calumet & Hecla Company and discovered that the mine owners had only put \$1,200,000 into the mines originally and had taken out over \$120,000,000 for their **OWN PROFITS**. Most of the mine owners live in cultured Boston and have never seen the inside of a shaft. One man draws

down \$120,000 salary as president and director of the company. The first vice-president (also a director) holds up the boys for \$70,000, while other directors and officers make away with \$45,000 and \$40,000 each, and the directors are rewarded with a bagatelle of \$20,000 a year. From one mine alone the officers of the company grant themselves \$370,000 in loot ("salaries") every year.

Now the boys in the copper mines are fast becoming Socialists. They are all disgusted with the portion they are receiving. They run, manage and work the mines. They are beginning to doubt the wisdom of DIVIDING up so foolishly and partially for the benefit of the mine owners. They are organizing today to FIGHT the bosses in order to secure MORE time to plan for a better resistance later on. The day is coming when they are going to take possession of the mines in the name of the MINE WORKERS, just as the steel workers will take over the steel mills, just as a united working class intends to take over all the mills, factories, shops and mines to be run and operated only in the interests of those WHO WORK and RUN and

MANAGE them. They are going to STOP MAKING PROFITS FOR BOSSES.

This is the way all militant labor wars are tending. Today the copper miners are fighting for \$3.00 a day and an eight-hour day. Tomorrow they will demand the full value of the copper they dig.

Also, the men are determined to abolish the one-man mine drill.

When the boys heard that several carloads of armed "guards" were on their way to Calumet from New York City, they got busy. The train was rushed through Calumet, but a few miles beyond was halted by piles of tiles thrown over the tracks. The miners had gathered to see the fun and to show their contempt for the "guards". This was too much for those "clothed with authority". They immediately opened fire upon the boys. A little surprise was in store for them, however, as the miners stood their ground and instead of turning the other cheek, opened fire in return. So hot did it become for the "guards" that the train hastily backed out and the guards retreated, vanquished.

It is granted by everyone that the "mine guards" are on the ground to irritate the



"PEACEFUL" STRIKERS AND "FRIENDLY" SOLDIERS. THE TOWER MARKED WITH CROSS IS BEING ARMORED AND EQUIPPED WITH SEARCHLIGHTS.



MOTHER JONES MARCHING WITH STRIKING MINERS AT CALUMET.

miners into an open and sanguinary revolt. Miners are attacked constantly. Many are seriously injured. Women are insulted and beaten. The miners are armed. Most of them realize that **THE ARMED RESISTANCE OF A FEW WORKERS NEARLY ALWAYS FAILS**, because the bosses can call all the forces of capitalist society to do their bidding. A group of workers cannot defeat the whole capitalist government—the entire capitalist class—the army. But the miners are not meek and lowly wage slaves. One of them writes to us: “For every miner who is deliberately picked off and murdered by a ‘guard’ they will have to settle with us.”

But the men want peace. Not the peace of the lamb that has been devoured by the lion, but the peace that follows a victorious engagement with the enemy, the peace after a strike is won.

Last reports claim that the militia and gunmen have declared that they have been ordered to crush the strike by the use of violence. Following attacks upon the miners, the troopers arrest all they cannot ride down.

Strikers frankly admit their participation in the disturbances. All the big trouble

arose when the armed artillerymen deliberately rode down a nine-year-old girl who was the daughter of a striker. It is reported that the soldiers were commanded to go to any lengths to provoke an outbreak by the strikers in order to find further opportunity for brutality and terrorism.

During the absence of the commanding general and his staff the militia and thugs have promised the striking miners a “real reign of terror.” We are not prophets, but we have a suspicion that these boys of the Western Federation of Miners will give them all they are looking for.

In the meantime the organizers are holding meetings and persisting in their picket duty. The spirit of solidarity is spreading rapidly and the mine men are confident of victory.

Much more could be gained, however, if the railroad men and all other miners would join the strike and enlarge the war zone. If many large groups of men in the same industry would **STRIKE AT THE SAME TIME**, they would be better able to fight the capitalist class.

WORKING CLASS SOLIDARITY and a general stoppage of all work in any industry are weapons that no GUN can destroy nor judge enjoin away.

WHEN A PRIEST KILLS

By Phillips Russell

A FEW weeks ago a murder was committed in the city of New York. Nothing extraordinary about that, of course, since repulsive crimes are inevitably a part of our present social system. But this was no ordinary, commonplace taking of life.

Once I had as a landlady a kindly, sweet-faced, warm-hearted old lady, in whom naught dwelt except generous impulses. One evening she picked up the evening paper that I always brought her, put on her spectacles, and noting the staring headlines, she settled herself with a sigh of satisfaction and exclaimed:

"Ah, but I do love a good murder!"

This killing of Anna Aumuller, the comely servant girl, by the Rev. Father Hans Schmidt, a Catholic priest, had all the elements of a "good murder" in it. First, it involved the element of sex, concerning which all human beings are intensely interested. Second, it involved a man whose life was supposed to be devoted to celibacy. And third, this man was a representative of the most powerful religious organization on earth, which through the centuries has taught that its priests must abstain from women, which has always taught that sex partakes of the devil and his works, and which boasts that the Church is the one great power that can cope with Socialism and other revolutionary theories, with their doctrines of "free love," violence, crime, and "social anarchy."

This brutal slaughter of the woman who loved him by the unhealthy-minded priest, who cut her throat as she lay in bed, dismembered her body, and sank the pieces in the river, was a terrific blow to the prestige of the Church, and none realized it better than the Church itself. Such an act was liable to create the impression that priests are not the spokesmen of God at all, but merely men from whom women in the intimacy of the confessional are not safe. So the automatic machinery of the Church began to work.

First, it was given out that Father Schmidt was not a regular, authorized priest at all, since he had been practically driven out of other parishes on account of irregular behavior. Then when it was asked why such a man was permitted to go freely about performing all the usual duties of a priest, another tack was taken. Intimations were made that Father Schmidt was not Father Schmidt in truth, but an impostor, who had stolen the credentials and effects of the real priest, who was dead, and was masquerading like a wolf in lamb's clothing. Again it was asked if the Church's supervision over its representatives were so loose that an impostor could thus easily enter its ranks, and again the plan of defense was changed.

The Catholic chaplain of the Tombs, where Schmidt was confined, and certain visitors who were allowed to see the priest in his cell, emerged and announced that the man was insane. A priest from outside the city, who said he had known Schmidt in Germany, gravely told the newspapers that four aunts, three uncles and fourteen cousins of Schmidt had been confined in lunatic asylums and most of his other relatives had committed suicide.

Whatever the powers saw fit to give out, that the newspapers obediently printed, and one and all the editors ignored the real features of the crime and harped on the wonderful work done by the police in ferreting out the murderer. Can we imagine what a terrible howl would have been raised if the crime had been committed by a Socialist, an Industrialist, or an Anarchist? What an outcry would have gone up against the "foul and vicious doctrines that give rise to violence, murder and crime"! What a demand would have gone up that the organization that stands behind this man be destroyed, root and branch.

A sardonic aspect is lent to the case by the announcement of the priest's attorney that Father Schmidt is an active anti-So-

cialist. Shortly before his arrest he had taken part in several conferences looking to the organization of a stern and relentless opposition to this un-American doctrine with its teachings that are so subversive of morality, threatening the very foundations of the home, destructive of religion, etc., etc.

Those in touch with the case prophesy that Schmidt will never be punished. If he had been an ordinary, unknown, ignorant

workingman, society would long ago have demanded his blood. But he is a priest, a man of education and standing in the community. Therefore, it is probable that unless the Church can clear its skirts of him absolutely, he will be sent to an asylum or a sanitarium and his case will have been forgotten by the time another batch of revolutionists are put on trial for their lives because they were within two miles of the spot where a policeman killed a woman.



BRIDGE DESTROYED BY REBELS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

CHINESE REFUGEES IN JAPAN

By S. Katayama

THE Chinese revolution, apparently so successful, has crumbled to earth after many sacrifices and injustices. Only last year the revolutionists forced the abdication of the Manchu Dynasty. After some compromises between Yuan Sie-Kai and Sun Yat Sen and other southern revolutionists the provisional government was established at Peking and Yuan

elected head of it. Now that Yuan has become the nominal head of the new government, he has asserted his power and is determined to rid the country of these revolutionary leaders in order to secure a constitution that he desires.

Dr. Sun and his friends have long been educating the Chinese people in the principles of Socialism. It was their desire to

gradually establish Socialism in China by the election of public-spirited officials who would work for the good of the working class instead of for personal aggrandizement.

At the last Chinese Parliament that gathered to draft the new constitution the revolutionary element was dominant. The president of the Upper House was elected by Sen's party and had an absolute majority. A large number of Sen's group were elected also to the Lower House, but Yuan, with a large money bag at his disposal, gradually induced many of the revolutionary party members to give up their principles of Democracy and vote with him. Moreover, it is reported that Yuan succeeded in the bloody work of killing Sang Chiao-Jen, one of the ablest leaders of the southern revolutionists. This crime was investigated and discovered to be the work of Yuan.

As is to be expected, the southern revolutionaries arose to expose this brutal act on the part of the president. They furnished proofs in the way of documents that fixed the crime of assassination on him. Immediately President Yuan suppressed the press engaged in exposing him. He bribed certain officials and so-called revolutionists and assumed the most tyrannical attitude toward all those who refused to support his measures.

By the support of a subtle financial influence, Yuan concluded the great Five Power Loan that had been consistently fought and opposed by the real revolutionists. The Socialists claim that it was Five Power money that Yuan employed to defeat them. Between the Southern revolutionists and the Yuan constituency there spread a wide gulf which grew ever wider.

With the suppression of the press and free discussion many took up arms against (self) Constituted Authority. The Provinces of Canton and Nankin took up arms against the Yuan group. This gave Yuan a further opportunity for suppressing the liberal press and the whole liberal movement. Socialist organizations were immediately dispersed or crushed and one of the leaders of the socialist movement was put to death at Peking. This was not a very difficult matter, for Yuan had at his disposal complete power over the army and navy and money enough to corrupt the liberal

movement as well. Further, the Chinese merchant class is for Yuan all the way through because they want the PEACE THAT MEANS GOOD BUSINESS.

At so early a date it is often hard to discover the invisible powers that move the puppet presidents. But the foreign powers gave Yuan every kind of support in exchange for a chance to grab some of the wonderfully rich natural Chinese resources. Almost openly the Germans lent their aid in crushing the Southern uprising.

And so Democracy (to say nothing of socialism) has been wiped out temporarily in China. The revolutionary forces are almost routed. Only those in Nankin still wage war; but they are doomed. Yuan will reign supreme.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is now a refugee in Japan. Ha Han-Min, the ex-governor-general of Canton, is, too, in Japan with many others. Yuan offered \$100,000 for the head of Dr. Sun and \$50,000 for the head of General Huang H Sing. There is a price



GUARDING THE WAR SUPPLIES.

on the heads of many other prominent revolutionists.

Here, in Japan, we now have two sets of Chinese in our midst—the revolutionary refugees and those head-hunters, all of whom are exercising eternal diligence in the hope of pulling down the \$100,000 offered for Sun Yat Sen. Perhaps you may remember that Dr. Sun was slated soon to occupy the highest position China had to offer.

Our people are, of course, in deep sympathy with the revolutionary refugees. But the government, being imperialistic, naturally hates the republic and favors Yuan's administration. At first the refugees were denied admission to Japan, but they were finally permitted to land with the understanding that they make no move for the revolution while here. They are watched by the government and prohibited from

meeting any sympathizers, so that they are practically prisoners in Japan!

General Huang H Sing and Dr. Sun may soon come to America, but so far their movements are not known to us. Of the many Chinese refugees in Japan, few are known. Their comings and goings are made with the utmost secrecy, as they live in constant fear of assassination. The wives and daughters of Gen. Huang and Dr. Sun are reported to be in Japan, but nobody knows where they are hidden. Both these men were once students in Japan and they have many friends here. They are strong socialists. Perhaps you will have an opportunity to meet them in America before many months.

In spite of all these disasters, the Chinese comrades will never give up. They have tasted the first fruits of liberty and so will they again!

I. W. W. CONVENTION

By Ewald Koeltgen

THE Eighth Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World has just come to end. It lasted from Sept. 15th to Sept. 27th. It was an epoch-making convention and will go down in the history of the I. W. W. as taking a long step toward putting the organization on a sound industrial basis.

The delegates were confronted with an idea which has developed within the organization. This idea is known as decentralization and originates from the western part of the country. Decentralization in reality means localism, and it is reactionary in as much as it ignores capitalist development in industry.

Instead of organizing along the line of industry connecting all the industries together through branches, locals, national unions and departments as advocated by the I. W. W., it seeks to establish mass organizations regardless of industry. Each locality shall be independent of all other localities, thus preventing the various localities from acting together and utterly destroying the solidarity so necessary to working-class emancipation. The western part of the country, being very little developed

industrially has a tendency to develop individualism in the minds of the workers. This in turn will make the workers think that by individual action alone can they gain their freedom. On the other hand the workers in the large industrial centers develop a strong collectivism, which expresses itself in mass action. Mass action requires close, centralized organization, because the larger the mass the surer the victory.

The delegates who championed decentralization expressed their ideas by advocating the abolition of the General Executive Board, by the abolition of the convention, cutting down the revenue of the organization, thus preventing the organization to function as intended and by opposing the formation of national industrial unions, etc.

Those delegates who believe in compact, centralized organization along the lines of highly developed industry, opposed every move of the decentralizers. Instead they advocated more compact organization than hitherto and urged that the organizers and speakers confine themselves strictly to teaching industrial unionism and organizing the workers; that the spokesmen of the I. W. W. should not waste their time in attacking

politics and political parties, religion or any other outside issues. This spirit was expressed in the following resolution adopted by the convention:

"Ever since the I. W. W. was organized we have carried on a vigorous campaign of education. Millions of pieces of literature have been distributed and sold. Thousands of street and hall meetings have been held in all parts of the country and yet in spite of it all we find that comparatively little real organization exists. What are the reasons for this state of affairs?"

1. Our speakers and organizers have concentrated their energies too much upon general agitation and have judged results solely by the amount of literature disposed of.

2. Many of our speakers and organizers have failed to teach industrial unionism and have instead preached against or for politics, or against religion, etc.

3. Our organizers have failed to properly follow up their work wherever an organization was started in an industry, but have tried instead to start as many locals as possible without first putting the locals on a sound basis.

Education without organization is just as much a failure as organization without education. Our speakers should never advocate pro- or anti-politics, pro- or anti-religion but confine themselves strictly to teaching industrial unionism and organization of the working class. Showing the workers that by organizing in the industry and using direct action on the job they can get control of industry and thereby wrest the power out of the hands of the capitalist class.

We therefore recommend: That when an organizer is working in a locality that he concentrate his efforts on a mill, mine or factory which promises that good results may be obtained and proceed in the following manner:

1. To distribute literature among the workers in that particular establishment dealing with the industry to which these workers belong.

2. To hold meetings in front of the establishment and urge the workers to join the union, showing them that only through

correct organization on the job can they get shop control and better their condition.

3. When a fair percentage has become members the organizer should call a shop meeting of all the workers employed in that establishment and make it a closed shop.

4. When this has been accomplished the organizer should repeat the same process in another establishment in the same industry, if there are any in the same locality, keeping in constant touch with the one previously organized until such time when the members will be able to transact their business without his assistance.

5. When a spontaneous strike breaks out in an industry and the I. W. W. gains many new members, it is essential that a good organizer remain on the ground after the strike and not leave the new membership to shift for themselves.

6. All locals should be visited by the organizer as often as possible, especially new locals and we recommend that circuits be established so that one organizer follows another. A large percentage of the workers in the industries are foreign and in order to reach them in their own language all literature should be translated into as many different languages as possible. The general organization should employ permanent organizers who speak the various foreign languages.

A permanent colored organizer should be employed in the South to organize the colored workers into the One Big Union. The I. W. W. has passed the propaganda stage and concrete organization must be our first aim now. All locals should assist the general organization to carry out this program."

While the delegates who championed the decentralizing idea, failed to carry any of their measures through the convention, the spirit of solidarity prevailed and the delegates went back to their respective localities determined to build up the One Big Union of the working class.

There is, no doubt, but that in the coming year the organization will make great strides toward organizing the working class for the final overthrow of the capitalist system.

Haywood and the I. W. W.

DURING the convention the delegates dispatched a telegram to William D. Haywood, who has been seriously ill in the East for two months, sending their love, sympathy and all good wishes.

Stories were told of Haywood's wonderful strength and faith during the long siege of the Paterson strike. For twenty-two weeks Haywood literally gave all that there was in him to help the strikers to win a victory and to educate and organize the workers. Night after night he would smoke the long hours away in an effort to evolve new plans that would enable the workers to stick it out on quarter rations for a few days longer, or to frustrate the efforts of the Paterson officials in their efforts to drive the workers to desperation.

Haywood simply would not consider defeat and Comrade Koettgen, who was on the battlefield, reports that unguessed benefits have been gained for the strikers through their long and gallant stand. Mill conditions have been much improved in many ways and the fighting spirit of the strikers is still holding the banner aloft. When conditions are ripe, they are ready to go out on strike again, down to the last man, woman and child. Koettgen also reported that the I. W. W. has a strong local in Paterson composed of several thousand dues-paying members and several thousand more who will throw their hearts into the movement as soon as they begin to recover from the last long fight.

Haywood fought with the courage, the wisdom and the strength of ten men in Paterson, and the great work he accomplished there will live as long as the conflict between Capital and Labor endures, to grow into something powerful enough to conquer when the final conflict comes.

The Paterson authorities are determined to push the case against Haywood this fall or winter. They mean to make an example of a man who is so capable of showing the working class how to fight. Haywood himself is unable to do anything at this time in preparation for the defense. Many of his friends are writing to know how they can help. Money is needed and needed

NOW. We do not propose that a comrade shall be made to suffer for his loyalty to the working class.

Take up this matter with your local and friends and send checks to the office of THE REVIEW.

The I. W. W. has been forced to pay out so much money during the last year in defense funds and on the strike fields that many delegates who attended the convention refused to draw on the treasury for railroad fare. But they attended the convention, for all that.

Delegates Van Fleete of Spokane, Douglass of Seattle, Kennedy of Phoenix, and Olson of Minneapolis beat their way out of town westward on their way home. At LaCrosse, Wis., Comrade Olson was thrown from the train and lost his leg. He was one of the boys who was active in many historic I. W. W. fights, having taken part in the Spokane, San Diego, Denver and Peoria bouts with Capitalism. The revolutionary movement can ill afford to lose any of its members who are willing to suffer and undergo dangers and hardships in order that the great day of Labor may be brought one step nearer.

The delegates were:

C. L. WEBERT,
F. J. BARTOSZ,
R. R. GORDON,
J. E. MURPHY,
TOM FLYNN,
W. R. SAUTTER,
A. C. CHRIST,
JOHN ARSCOTT,
WALTER GLOVER,
C. F. HOWARD,
P. B. SALEE,
BEN FLETCHER,
DOUGLASS PHELPS,
JOHN OLSON,
CHAS. CLINTON,
H. K. MCCLINTOCK,
SIM POWELL,
WALTER MCCONNELL,
ED DANNER,
T. HALCRO,

T. O'MALLEY,
B. E. NILSSON,
S. RABINOWITZ,
M. D. RAMIREZ,
T. McDERMOTT,
STANLEY EDWARDS,
JOHN RHINE,
PETER JOHNSON,
E. VAN FLEETE,
W. E. MATTINGLY,
DAVID KENNEDY,
GEO. W. DAWSON,
W. E. CLARK,
W. H. DOUGLAS,
PETER McEVoy,
J. D. VAN FLEETE,
J. M. HULDERMAN,
EDWARD DICKENSON,
BERGER MORTENSON.

Joe Ettor, C. H. Edwards, J. M. Foss, Ewald Koettgen, F. H. Little of the G. E. B., Geo. Speed, general organizer, Vincent St. John, general secretary, were also present.

Comrade Bailey brought good word of the work among the Marine Transportation Workers in Cleveland.



GERMAN ARMY CAMP KITCHEN SCENE.

THE HUMAN SLAUGHTERHOUSE

By Wilhelm Lamszus

NOTE.—Within one week after the publication of Wilhelm Lamszus's book, "The Human Slaughterhouse in Germany," the author awoke to find himself famous, or infamous, as the military authorities claimed. By profession Lamszus was a master at one of the great German public schools. He was at once relieved of his duties. For a schoolmaster to strip the pomp and glamour from war was considered nothing less than high treason. The book was promptly interdicted, but has since been translated into eight other languages. Three hundred thousand copies were secretly sold in Germany in three months. "The Human Slaughterhouse" is the most wonderful, most graphic and realistic war pictures ever drawn. The Review has been able to secure a few copies of this book which we will be pleased to mail any of our readers upon receipt of 56 cents each; no discounts.

WAR! War is declared! So the news speeds, hollow-eyed, through the streets. We are at war. It is deadly earnest now. The time for anxiety and hesitation is over, for doubts and oscillation. The moment has now come when we cease to be citizens. From henceforward we are only soldiers—soldiers who have no time to think, who only have time to die.

So they come flocking from the workshops, from the factories, from behind the counters and the open country—they come flocking into the town. . . . Curse! I cannot get rid of this hideous thought. Now it is death by machinery. That is what is sticking in my gullet. We are being hustled from life to death by experts—by mechanics.

The drums and fifes strike up briskly and

play a merry march. Someone or other, somewhere in the crowd sets up a loud, crowing sort of cheer.

"Hip! hip! hooray!" And the others join in. It spreads all down the whole length of the street and does not die down again.

Again I put my rifle to my shoulder and take aim for the center of the target. The target seems to have moved nearer to me.

Of a sudden it seems to me as if the blue-painted figure had stepped out of its white square. I gape at it. I distinctly see a face in front of me. I have got my finger on the trigger and feel the tension of the pressure. Why don't I pull it through? My finger is trembling. . . . Now, now I recognize the face. That is the young fellow at Nancy who was saying good-bye to his mother. . . .

Then the spring gives and the great horror masters me, for I have fired straight into a living face. Murderer! Murderer: You have shot the only son of his mother, dead. I take a hold on myself. I pull myself together. A murderer? Folly! You are a soldier. Soldiers cease to be human beings.

Why, of a sudden, has silence fallen? What is the object of it—now it's our turn.

"Into the air! Rapid fire!" And the volley crashes. And look there . . . over there the cheer rings out again . . . the signals for assault sound, and thousands of voices are shouting it simultaneously . . . there they are foaming up . . . they are charging on, drunk with victory, in closed ranks. . . . THEY ARE ROLLING WITH A ROAR OVER THE MINED FIELD. I am lying rigid . . . now it must break, now. . . . I open my mouth wide . . . my rifle is trembling in my grasp.

And then—

The earth has opened her mouth . . . lightnings, crashes and thunderings. The heavens split in twain—the earth whirls upwards in shreds . . . men and the earth blaze and hurtle through the air like catharine wheels . . . and then . . . a crash, a maddening uproar strikes us full in the chest so that we reel backward to the ground and half consciously struggle for breath in the sand . . . and now . . . the storm is over . . . the pres-

sure of the atmosphere relaxes off our chests . . . we breathe deep. . .

Has red Hell opened its mouth?

There rises a noise of screams and yells, an uproar so unnaturally wild and unrestrained that we cringe up closer to one another . . . and, trembling, we see that our faces, our uniforms have red, wet stains, and distinctly recognize shreds of flesh on the cloth. And among our feet something is lying that was not lying there before. It gleams white from the dark sand and uncurls . . . a strange, dismembered hand . . . and there . . . and there . . . fragments of flesh with the uniform still adhering to them—then we realize it, and horror overwhelms us.

Outside there are lying arms, legs, heads, trunks . . . they are howling into the night; the whole regiment is lying mangled on the ground there, a lump of humanity crying to Heaven. . . .

Then a spectral vision rises before my eyes . . . I see red Death standing outside there on the plain . . . the clouds reveal a face grinning down on the symphony . . . Death! He is coming with a rush. He stumbles upright in the trenches and tumbles, howling and sobbing among, our rifles. . . . He strikes out at us with hands and feet . . . he is crying and struggling like a child, and yet no man dares go up to him, . . . for now he is rising on his knee . . . and then we see: Half his face has been torn away . . . one eye gone . . . the twitching muscle of the cheek is hanging down . . . he is kneeling, and opening and closing his hands, and is howling to us for mercy.

We gaze at him, horror-stricken, and are paralyzed . . . then at length the yokel—and our eyes thank him for it—raises the butt of his rifle and places the muzzle against the sound temple . . . bang! . . . and the maimed wreckage falls over backward and lies still in his blood. . . .

And again the darkness casts up shapes . . . they run up and reel like drunken men . . . they fall over and pick themselves up anew . . . they race forward through the night in zigzags, until they at last collapse exhausted, and lie still under our very eyes and make an end of it. . . .

And at length someone comes crawling toward us . . . he is crawling on all fours . . . he is dragging upon all fours . . . he is dragging something behind him with

his body, and all the time he is whining like a sick dog, and is howling shrilly in long-drawn tones . . . he is still crawling along fast . . . and when he has reached us we see—and the blood stands still in our hearts—they are his entrails hanging out of his body . . . his belly has been ripped up from below . . . he is crawling, he is crawling up on his entrails . . . he is coming . . . the entrails are coming . . . horror breaks out from every pore . . . for hardly three paces from me he lies still . . . and then . . . may God forgive me . . . he raises himself slowly on his hands . . . he succeeds for a moment . . . and looks . . . merciful God! . . . he looks at me, and refuses to let my eyes go again . . . and I can see

nothing but those great death-stricken eyes . . . Merciful God! . . . his eyes, those eyes! Those are a mother's eyes looking down on me unspeakably . . . that is a son of his mother lying before us— butchered. . . . I will throw myself on him, sobbing, and kiss his face, and bathe his anguish away in my tears. . . . I will do it! I will. . . . Then the monstrous strain relaxes—his arms give away . . . he falls forward on his face and sinks down on his tortured body. His hands twitch once more . . . then he lies still and kisses Mother Earth

"Drummers: Strike up!" shouts a voice
 "Uncover for prayer!"—(From "The Human Slaughterhouse.")

'TIS OF THEE

By Mary Field

There was a wench in our town,
 She was a poor wage slave;
 Her son, her only pride and joy,
 He was a soldier brave.

One day the mother went on strike—
 What did the brave boy do?
 He took his Governmental Gun
 And shot his Ma in two.

And when he saw his Ma was dead,
 That toiling Ma of his'n,
 He heaved a sigh, and shed a tear,
 And said, "It's Patriotism."

—From *Revolution*, Medford, Oregon.



HIS HONOR JUDGE JOHN E. HUMPHRIES IN ALL HIS GLORY. SCENE IN SUPERIOR COURT NO. 5, SEATTLE, WASH., WHERE SOCIALISTS WERE GIVEN ELEVEN MONTHS FOR CLAPPING THEIR HANDS.

THE SEATTLE INJUNCTION AND CONTEMPT OF COURT CASES

By Millard Price

THE Seattle Socialists have been in a long fight. It began May 1st, 1912, and is still unsettled. But we have succeeded in disturbing the entire nation. At the city election in 1912 the Socialist vote rose to 17,000 on the lowest man for the city council. This gave a chill to some of our opponents and they began to take notice.

The first attack from the hirelings of capitalism was made May first, 1912, when a number of ruffians grabbed two

flags from the head of our May Day procession. The Socialists behaved well and proceeded with the parade to the meeting place where over four thousand listened to red-hot speeches on the class-struggle.

On May second, the capitalist press carried a very ugly and misleading story, saying the Socialists had desecrated the American flag. A few days later the *Seattle Times* stated that Hulet M. Wells, who was the Socialist candidate for may-

or, had called the flag a "dirty rag," which statement was absolutely false. Wells sued the *Times* for \$10,000, but up to now the trial has not been set for a hearing. In September, 1912, Eugene V. Debs spoke to over 4,000 people in Seattle. A few days later, without any reason whatsoever, the *Seattle Times* stated that the manager of the Socialist campaign committee had embezzled one thousand dollars. This story was also untrue.

This Socialist has also sued for a large sum as damages, but to this date there has been no trial.

The next step in the fight was the striking from the primary ballot the names of three Socialists who had been nominated for various offices. An appeal to the supreme court restored the names to the ballot and although many people believed there were no candidates, the county ticket received 7,000 votes last fall.

After the county election, the *Seattle Times* carried story after story, mostly false, regarding this fight between the capitalists and the working class of Seattle.

The next important event was the burning of our property on July 18th by the soldiers and sailors. There was no reason for this destruction of property, except that the *Seattle Times* had kept up this flame of misrepresentation regarding the Socialists for a year and a half. Our claims for damages aggregate nearly four thousand dollars and Miles Poindexter has introduced a bill in the senate to have the government settle with us.

Then our street meetings were stopped. On July 25th an injunction was served on Millard Price and other comrades, prohibiting them from speaking in the vicinity of Fourth Avenue and Pike Street.

We went into court and were beat as usual. Judge John E. Humphries, the crazy judge of Seattle, decided the case against us and gave the people who asked for the injunction a judgment against Millard Price et al, for \$62.20 as costs.

On August 25th a public meeting was held in City Hall Square to protest against Humphries' action. Among those

who spoke at this meeting were Mrs. Kate Sadler, Millard Price and Dr. H. F. Titus. This occurred on Sunday afternoon, and on Monday, Aug. 26th, the Judge ordered the three speakers cited for contempt of court. One week after these three people were ordered to court the Fifth Ward local of the Socialist party passed a resolution against the court proceedings and 99 people signed the resolution. It was mailed to the court. Immediately His Majesty, the Honorable (?) Judge, issued warrants for the whole bunch. A few days later wholesale arrests were made and 180 or more "Reds" signed another resolution. The judge remained silent for two days and another list of 141 persons was sent to the judge, all in contempt of court. He said nothing. The list had now grown to 420, but to make sure of a crowd, we secured 125 more names, all in contempt. The total number of persons who desired to go to jail for contempt, was now 545.

The president of the United Mine Workers signed; the executive board members signed; the secretary signed; the business manager signed. Then we got J. G. Brown, the national president of the Shingle Weavers, to preside at a public protest meeting, and he also stuck his name on to the list, making 546 persons who would be willing to go to jail.

The trial was set for October 2nd, and when the day arrived, 1,500 people tried to get inside the court room and most of them had to go home, as there was capacity for only 350. The first shot out of the box, the judge found H. M. Wells guilty and assessed him \$100.00 and costs. He also disbarred Wells from the practice of law. Another attorney for the "Reds," Glenn E. Hoover, got the same sentence and the judge disbarred him also.

After the disbarment of both of our attorneys, the trial of the other 97 in contempt began, alphabetically. One after another would take the stand and receive sentence. Most of those tried received the highest possible sentence for contempt outside of court, which was \$100.00 and costs. Two men who clapped their hands were sentenced to six months in jail and \$300.00 fine.

One man, Edmund Deyette, who said

the court was in contempt of him, got eleven months in jail. W. K. Kelly, a miner, who said he signed the resolution because the judge was making an ass of himself, got eleven months in jail.

After the judge got through "working," the Socialists held a business meeting and decided to break the injunction or court order. The excitement increased. A public meeting was held in Dreamland and tremendous applause and cheering came from three thousand persons when it was resolved to ignore the court and go out and speak in the forbidden spots. Three great daily newspapers came into the fight. They sent a telegram to Governor Lister, explaining the situation and the governor started for Seattle. The old judge, learning that the governor was on his way to release all of these thirty-seven prisoners (six women and thirty-one men), signed an order and released them all himself.

On the evening of the release, the crowd which assembled around the intersection of Fourth Avenue and Westlake was estimated at over 7,000. The square would not hold them, so we divided the

crowd. One meeting of 2,500 was held at Second Avenue and Union Street. Another crowd, estimated at 4,000, assembled at Fourth and Pine, where speakers told of the struggle. No arrests were made that night.

Everybody is out of jail, all cases are dismissed, the judge is discredited, and the Seattle "Reds" are on top and respected by everyone. There was no bloodshed. The party has secured 54 new members in one week.

The wives of the arrested men were paid \$2.50 each day while their husbands were in jail, and the capitalists have much more respect for us than ever before and we know our power.

The latest plea from the capitalists is peace, peace, at any price. We have won our battle for the streets and can speak where we like.

The way we won was by sticking together, and we are proud of the Fifth Ward Local of Seattle and all those who helped us.

Today we are ready to go ahead with another fight—the fight of educating those who don't know.



POST CARD DRAWN BY R. E. DANNER AND BROUGHT OUT BY LOCAL PUYALLUP, WASHINGTON.

CLASS PRIDE

By J. L. Mabie

THE most necessary thing today in the working class movement is class pride. Without that all else is as nothing—with that all else will come. Class pride is the cohesive force that binds the workers together in a solid body and holds them true to course of the revolution.

The ideas of the ruling class are so bred into us that it is difficult to entirely eradicate our bourgeois ideas of worth and morality that are based on property rights. It is hard for us to measure success or worth by any standard except the dollar rule. We have been taught by our bourgeois teachers that it is our own fault if we are poor and so it is hard for us to not feel a little ashamed of our poverty. Even among our socialist comrades we find those who are much concerned about the "respectability" of the party. They endeavor to get in some of the prominent business or professional men of the town to add prestige to the movement and I know some locals where a successful, respectable exploiter is more welcome as a member than a poorly dressed proletarian who has been exploited until he is broken in health and spirit and unable to maintain an appearance of respectability.

Class Pride! How often do we hear working men and women betray a lack of this most necessary element in the class struggle.

Did you ever hear a working man tell with some degree of pride that he came from the same town as Theodore Roosevelt or William H. Taft or Morgan or Jim Hill or some other exploiter as if it reflected some credit on a wage slave to come from the same town as some prominent member of the master class.

(I wonder if the black slave ever used to pride himself on the fact that he was raised on a big plantation by a master who owned a hundred slaves and look down on the slave whose master never owned but two).

Did you ever notice how often a workingman, in speaking of a brother or a father or some other relative in Boston or Chicago or some other city will tell you that he is a banker or lawyer or merchant or doctor? And he is generally a *prominent* banker or *successful* lawyer or *big* merchant or *leading* physician. And did you ever notice that if the aforesaid relative happens to be a hod-carrier or scavenger or dishwasher or brick-layer no reference is made to his occupation no matter how *big* or *successful* he may be at his trade?

Did you ever notice how deferentially some members of the working class speak to the banker or merchant or doctor or lawyer in their own town and how pleased they are at the patronizing recognition they get from some prominent or wealthy parasite? And did you ever notice how many there are that are always looking for a chance to jump into the parasitic class,

Now what can you expect in the class struggle from a man who despises his class? Can you expect a soldier to put up a good fight when he is not conscious of the justice of his cause and is all the time looking for a chance to desert and go over to the enemy? Can you expect a soldier in this class struggle to dig in with all his might to destroy the capitalist class and end class struggles when he is all the time hoping to jump into that class and benefit from the continuance of classes?

Away with all this bourgeois ethics. Let us foster the new ethics based on socially useful labor—that despises all parasites however big or successful—that comes from the consciousness of the worker of the historic mission of his class and that visions the future society "where work and worth go hand in hand."

And with this ideal there will be no need to teach class hate for with it will come all the necessary hatred of capitalism and all its ethics and institutions.



PICKING TEA.

A CUP OF TEA

By Rhyne Khbyve

THE leaves of the tea bush were first named TEA by the Chinese. Few of us realize the arduous toil that has been spent in raising, preparing and shipping the tea we drink. The leaves of tea from which the beverage is brewed have probably passed through forty or fifty hands before they reach your kitchen. And the story of tea, from the gardens to the table, is one that would interest everybody.

When tea was first shipped to England many years ago, transportation was so uncertain and so costly, and the leaf itself so scarce, that only the very rich, who were accustomed to entertain princes and grantees, could afford to pay fifty dollars for a pound of tea.

Green and black tea are produced from the leaves of the same plant by varying processes of manufacture. For many years China was the home of the tea industry, but the modern developments of production and consumption have rendered the subject

of Chinese tea one of lesser importance. The conservative tendencies of the Chinese people have prevented them from adopting the modern methods of extensive cultivation based on scientific principles and the manipulation of crops by machinery in place of hand labor. Consequently, for many years their export trade has been a diminishing one.

In 1908 the tea exports from China amounted to only 188,000,000 pounds against 240,000,000 pounds shipped out of India. China sold 80,000,000 pounds of brick and tablet tea to Asiatic and European Russia. The method of compressing tea into tablets or bricks is unknown in America and Western Europe. It doubtless arose from the necessity of reducing bulk to a minimum for conveyance by caravan across the great trade routes of Asia, and now that the railroads and steamships have supplemented more primitive methods of transit, the system is still continued to meet



SIFTING TEA.

the wants of the consumer who will not recognize tea in any other shape.

The Russians have themselves established several important factories at Hankow, China. There they use tons and tons of tea dust and broken bits of tea which are compressed to such a condition of hardness that they resemble wood or stone and are passed around instead of currency in certain Russian districts.

The brick tea prepared by the Chinese is somewhat different. It is made for the overland trade with Thibet. This tea is mostly prepared from exceedingly rough leaf, including even bush prunings. It is panned, rolled, fermented and divided into various classes or qualities. It is then steamed and placed in a molding frame of wood to compress it into the size and shape of brick wanted. For transit they are



FIRING TEA.



GRADING TEA.

packed twelve together in hides, sewed up while moist, which contract to make a strong, tight package sixty or seventy pounds in weight. These bales are carried on the backs of coolies for great distances across very high passes into Thibet. The trade is estimated at 19,000,000 pounds per annum.

After two years' growth, the tea bushes

are usually from two to six feet in height. They are repeatedly cut to cause the plants to spread out into many branches.

In the early days tea growers in India and Ceylon attempted the Chinese method, but now almost everything, from the plucking stage onward, is done by machinery. Everywhere women and children pluck the leaves and twice daily they are taken to the



PACKING TEA.

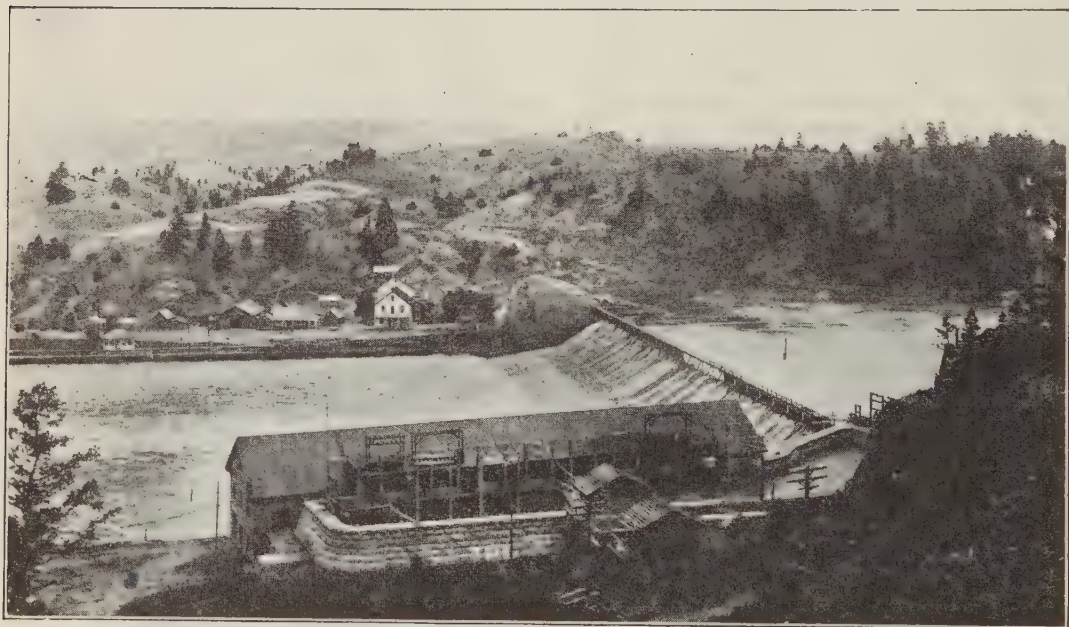
factory. In many places all over the tea-raising world, only during the plucking is tea touched by human hands.

The leaves are spread out on thin bamboo or wire racks, under cover, and allowed to wither for from eighteen to thirty hours, after which they are in a soft, flaccid condition, ready for rolling. The object of rolling is to crush the leaves and break their cells so as to liberate the juices. Next the leaves are rolled out in layers one or two inches thick and allowed to ferment.

A further rolling process closes the tea leaves and they are later subjected to a first firing, the ovens being sometimes 240 degrees, Fahrenheit. They are then crisp and firm.

Up to this point of manufacture, the leaf has been in the stalk, the leaves and bud being unseparated. They are now broken apart and sorted by hand or mechanical sifters into the various grades and qualities. Upon completion of sifting and sorting, the tea is again fired and is packed tightly, while warm, in lead-lined chests and the lead covers completely soldered over it so that it may be kept absolutely air-tight until required for use.

All Oolong tea is raised on the Island of Formosa. English capitalists have sought to raise Oolong in the British provinces because of its delicate flavor and exquisite bouquet, but without success.



C. N. & ST. PAUL R. R. POWER HOUSE AT CANYON FERRY DAM, NEAR HELENA, MONT.

Water Power Railroads

THE change of motive power on the railroads from steam to electricity has been delayed in the hopes of a wider development of the distribu-

tion of low-cost water-produced electricity. This problem has been solved by the Southern Pacific for some of its passenger lines entering Oakland, Cal.

In most instances the water power is being utilized. The C. M. & S. P. Ry. has seven new plants where water power will be used on their new electric railways. The Big Hole Dam, near Butte, Mont., is one of these plants.

This railroad has commenced the greatest application of electric power to the standard steam railroad that has yet been made. Beginning at Harlowton, Mont., 4,163 feet above the sea, the line lifts gradually to Summit, Mont., 5,797 feet above sea level, farther on to Donald at an altitude of 6,322 feet and down to St. Regis at 2,600 feet. Efficiency and economy are the goals which the company hope to reach on this new line. The mountain streams will furnish the power to run the trains at a much lower cost than coal for steam.

This is not the only advantage. The ordinary steam engine needs overhauling every 125 miles while the electric motor requires inspection only once in 300 miles. A steam engine waiting to be used consumes 80 per cent as much fuel as when working. An idle electric locomotive uses absolutely no power.

Further, the road will be enabled to rid the tracks of hundreds of trains now needed to haul fuel for the engines. The electric engine will make room for much more profit paying freight.

And last, and not by any means, least, the electric road will throw out the firemen, the engineers, inspectors and repairers—all the old-time train crew and necessitates motormen and conductors who may have served a two-week apprenticeship on a street car line. Can anybody tell us who or what is going to "bust up" the old craft unions to which these skilled workers now belong?

The Beach storage car being experimented in by the New York Central lines has wheels free on the axles. The wheels rotate separately, the motor being attached to each wheel by a chain. This makes it possible to propel the car with one-half the energy that would otherwise be required. Mr. Beach estimates that his car can be operated at 16 cents a mile, while a standard steam train car averages a cost of \$1.00 a mile.

NEW LABOR DISPLACING MACHINES

By Winden A. Frankenthal

THE number of labor-saving devices is constantly growing. Every day brings new inventions, with which one man is enabled to do the same amount of work as formerly five, ten, twenty-five, or even more men could do.

The capitalists welcome especially those machines which do away with skilled labor and which can be operated by any man from the street, and which at the same time cripple or possibly break up one of the craft unions.

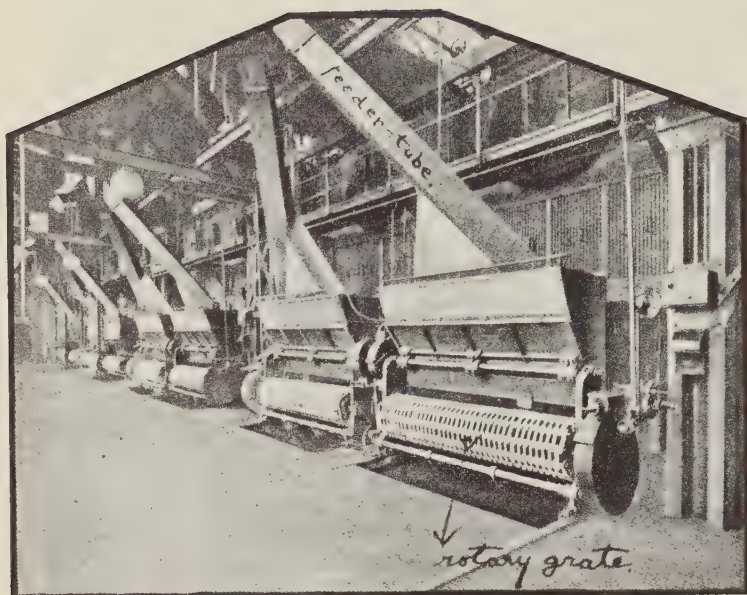
The following lines are of especial interest to firemen, coal passers and coal miners.

Everybody knows that the job of a fireman is a very hard one. During the summer the coal-dust covered boiler room is as hot as an incubator, while during the winter the fireman works with his face and chest in a cremator and his back in a cold storage, not to forget the dust which makes

a coal storage of his interior. It also is a known fact that it takes quite some experience to keep up the correct steam pressure wanted and to distribute the coal in the right manner below the boiler.

In the old way the fireman had to open the door of the furnace, take several shovels of coal and distribute it evenly with clever swings below the boiler, being careful that no coal touched the boiler. Once in a while he had to stir up the fire with a poker, to open or close the draft pipe and then start again shoveling in coal. In the meantime the coal passer is busy with a wheelbarrow to bring the coal in front of the fire.

Now one should think it quite impossible and rather dangerous to do away with man supervision of the steam boiler, but this is now done by the new rotary under-grate, the mechanical grate feeder and their automatic regulator.



THESE MACHINES HAVE DONE AWAY WITH FIREMEN AND COAL PASSERS.

The above picture shows the two first ones, which are operated as follows: The fine-grained coal comes alongside the factory or power plant, either by railroad or ship and is shoveled at once, practically without human help, by means of an elevator or steam shovel, into the coal bunkers, situated above the boiler room. From here a number of tubes go down into the boiler room and depose the coal in any wanted amount directly upon the rotary wander-grate.

This grate runs around and is moved by two rollers, of which one is placed in front and the other one in the rear of the furnace. The coal burns during its way toward the rear of the furnace and is totally used up when the grate turns around the rear roller like a belt to come back again around the front roller. In the meantime the feeder tube is continuously depositing coal upon the front part of the grate.

The automatic regulator, which stands usually in the engine room, operates the whole arrangement. It can be adjusted to any wanted steam pressure and keeps it up, too, and also once put in function does its job marvelously well and practically without human help. It even keeps book about its work by recording the slightest variation of steam pressure.

In case that suddenly more machines are put to work in the factory and the steam falls below the wanted pressure, the regulator acts at once automatically; it increases the draft and the velocity of the wandergrate and therefore, a greater quantity of coal passes below the boiler during a given time. Consequently more heat is produced, which yields a higher pressure and more power is the result. When the desired pressure is reached the regulator slows the movement down to its normal run.

If, on the contrary, a number of machines are put out of operation, the regulator decreases draft and the speed of the wander-grate, which, of course, has the opposite effect.

This new way has too many advantages for the owner of a factory to keep up the old system: Total burning of the coal, perfect regularity of the steam pressure, saving of coal and the principal, saving of human labor. With this new arrangement only one man is needed, where formerly twenty to twenty-five were necessary.

It is obvious that an invention like this is adapted to cripple the firemen's union. The use of oil as fuel and also the Diesel motor will do the rest, as with both systems no firemen are needed.

But also from another side the unions of the men of the coal industry are threatened by "solid kerosene."

The capitalist press (*Chemiker and Techniker Ltg. Vienna*) is praising this new combustible, by means of which the capitalists believe themselves to be in position to fight down any coal strike, or at least to prevent a coal strike like the one that occurred in the early part of 1912 in England.

According to the *Daily Express*, solid kerosene consists of a mixture of 6 per cent kerosene and the rest of coal dust, straw and all kinds of refuse, and is pressed

with an Armstrong-Morgan patent press into solid bricks. One ton of these bricks is said to have the same heating power as three tons of ordinary coal. It is also asserted that a big steel mill in Sheffield, England, which, in anticipation of the general coal strike, provided itself with a few presses, not only did not suffer a bit from the strike, but made heavy savings in their expenses for fuel.

Be it as it will, but for one who has studied economics and knows of the advanced principles of labor organization, it is pretty hard to see how the capitalists will be able to fight successfully a modern labor movement with—after all—a dead machine.

They probably think the worker's brain must be fossilized and that "craft unions" are the last stand of the laborers. When they hear of the Industrial Union they are not so sure of success.

Considering the "*identity of interest within their class*," the steel mill workers would drop the tools to help the coal miners, and knowing that an injury to the coal miners is also an injury to all the rest of the industrial army, one branch of industry after the other would fold its arms to help the coal miners win.

Imagine a battle in which the foot soldiers of the army are losing and the artillery standing by, declaring that it is not their fight, and that it doesn't concern them whether the battle is won or lost. Has anyone ever heard of such suicidal tactics? But the craft unions are still practicing this non-sensical system in their industrial battles.

Only One Big Union can cope successfully with solid kerosene and modern machine production and bring the working class through to economic victory.

CLASS STRUGGLE NOTES

NEW ZEALAND TO THE FRONT

By P. H. HICKEY,

General Secretary-Treasurer United Federation of Labor, New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND has witnessed its largest labor congress. On July 1 the Unity Congress, called for the purpose of uniting labor's scattered forces, commenced. There were 380 delegates present, representing some 60,000 trades unions, Socialist Party branches, Labor Party branches and Radical associations. After sitting for ten days there was established an industrial organization called the United Federation of Labor and a political party called the Social Democratic Party. In the former the dominant note struck was that of industrial unionism. Nowhere in the world, probably, is craft unionism more rampant than in New Zealand. In a population of about 1,000,000 there are roughly some 70,000 trades unionists and about 350 odd unions. The work of the Congress was to bring these unions closer together, with the ultimate object of wiping out the craft barriers and establishing industrial departments, ten in all, as follows:

1. *Building Trades Department*—Carpenters, masons, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, electricians, plumbers, furniture trade, building laborers, sawmill and lumber workers, brick and tile makers, quarry workers, and so forth.

2. *Mining Department*—Coal miners, gold miners, battery workers, smelter men, and so forth.

3. *Transportation Department*—Railway servants, waterside workers, seamen, tramway workers, drivers, cab and taxicab drivers, freight handlers, and so forth.

4. *Printing Trade Department*—Typographical workers, compositors, stereotypers, lithographers, paper rulers, engravers, press machinists, bindery workers, news-stall and delivery men, and so forth.

5. *Agricultural and Pastoral Employes' Department*—Flax mill workers, shearers, shed hands, pastoral and agricultural employes, and so forth.

6. *Boot, Textile and Clothing Trades Department*—Bootmakers, saddlers and tanners, clothing trade workers, tailors, milliners and dressmakers, umbrella makers, hat and cap workers, woollen workers, sail makers, and so forth.

7. *Wood and Metal Department*—Boiler makers, engineers, tinsmiths, sheet metal workers, iron and brass moulders, cycle and motor workers, brass finishers, blacksmiths, farriers, millwrights, coach workers, wire workers, and so forth.

8. *Shop, Office and Warehouse Department*—Shop, office and warehouse assistants, typists, public servants (including all teachers), hairdressers, watchmakers, jewelers, and so forth.

9. *Food Workers' Department*—Bakers, confectioners, fruiterers, cooks, waiters, domestic workers, retail butchers, slaughterers, freezing works employes, including fellmongers, grocery workers, brewery workers, sugar workers, dairyman, and so forth.

10. *Miscellaneous Trades and General Labor-*

ers' Department—Stationary, motor-launch and traction-engine drivers, general laborers and all unrelated unions.

Politically the movement established is in keeping with the world's Socialist Parties. Its objective reads: "The socialization of the means of production, distribution and exchange." It will be comprised of unions, branches and individual members prepared to subscribe to its objective and platform.

Despite the fact that in New Zealand the workers have been hopelessly divided into warring factions in the past, the final findings for what is undoubtedly as advanced a program as anything anywhere in the world, was carried by enormous majorities. Since the Congress rose, the hired press has been remarkably busy endeavoring to sow the seeds of disunion. These efforts are supplemented by the action of a small group of reactionaries who attended the Congress and

who are now engaged in the hopeless task of perpetuating Laborism and Sectionalism.

As an indication of the tremendous advance in working class thought in this part of the southern hemisphere, and as a recognition of the rapidity of the growth of Internationalism, it was decided that the United Federation affiliate with the International Secretariat of Trades Unions, and the Social Democratic party with the International Socialist Bureau.

Within a fortnight after the establishment of the Social Democratic Party it nominated a candidate for a by-election to Parliament, finally electing him by 3,400 votes for Social Democracy to 2,700 polled for capitalism.

The world's workers may well keep an eye upon New Zealand. Though one of the newest countries, it bids fair to keep in the advance guard of proletarian activities.



MILITIAMEN GUARDING PROPERTY OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

The Vancouver Strike

It has been almost a year since the lockout was declared by the Vancouver Island coal miners and on the first of May the miners of South Wellington and Nanaimo went out on strike for better working conditions and the enforcement of existing nine hour laws, also recognition as members of the United Mine Workers of America.

Instead of the provincial government trying to bring about a settlement between the miners and the operators as they were requested to do, squads of special police and militiamen armed with Maxim guns and bayonets were dispatched to the strike zone.

The result was over a hundred and sixty miners were thrown in jail on the most petty charges.

During the struggle the men, women and children have suffered constant injustice and cruelty, although there have been no riots or disturbances on behalf of the miners whatever. They simply refused to return to work until the mine owner signed up an agreement with the unions and they are determined to hold out despite the

power of the miserable wretches they have to fight against.

The strike has not only proven to the working class what they can do, but it has been of good educational value to them also. They seem to begin to see things for themselves and they are waking up to the fact that solidarity is the main thing first and last.

The miners on Vancouver Island, B. C., are determined to win their fight at any cost.

D. LOPEZ, Victoria, B. C.

Electrical Workers

The Electrical Workers Convention which has just been held in Denver was one of the most revolutionary we have had in this country this year. The *Commonwealth* (Washington) in commenting on the convention's achievements, reports that the delegates passed a resolution renouncing craft unionism and endorsing industrial unionism, and demanding that their organization include all the workers employed in the electrical industry. The new organization is to be called the Industrial Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The organization is to possess the in-

initiative, referendum and recall to apply on all amendments, elections and the recall of general officers. And last and best of all, the object of the organization, to quote from the *Commonwealth*, shall be "to obtain for the workers the full product of their toil." A maximum initiation of \$5.00 shall be charged skilled workers and only \$1.00 for unskilled workers. A paid-up card shall be good anywhere in the jurisdiction of the organization, so that the workers need not fear being held up for new initiation fees every time he moves around. Every man applying for membership in the industrial union is to be required to sign a statement that he believes the worker is entitled to the full product of his toil and that he renounces all loyalty to any other labor, fraternal, religious or political organization to which he (or she) may then or in future belong when such loyalty be counter to the aims or objects of the Brotherhood. Resolutions were passed at the convention Sept. 9 by the Electrical Workers, I. M. D. C. No. 2, Third district, I. B. E. W.

Sedition in South Africa

Many of our old (and new) friends in South Africa who took part in the last strike in the Benoni District are now being charged with sedition by the various authorities.

As usual, the sanguinary officials who were the cause of the death of scores of workers during the strike, who commanded the deaths of many non-combatants when they ordered the soldiers to shoot into the crowds, do not want these things talked about. Everywhere the capitalist class and the servants of this class must hide their nefarious crimes in order to continue to perpetuate them. Hence the determination to exterminate every Socialist and union man or woman who dares to publish or to speak the truth.

Our "Hobo" friend, who must sign his communications under a pseudonym, in order to hold his job, reports that Patrick James McCrystal, a Canadian comrade, has been given a sentence for publishing a pamphlet in which he sets forth the truth of the late carnage in the Rand. Comrade McCrystal declared on the witness stand that during the strike meetings every member of the exclusive Rand Club was armed and that shots were fired into the crowds by some of the club aristocrats. He also shed a little light on the murder of Labuschagne, who, when the

soldiers began shooting into a crowd, called out words to this effect:

"Soldiers, don't shoot down women and children; shoot down men."

Labuschagne was instantly shot by the troops. Monty Dunmore, the boy who was shot through the chest during the massacre by the soldiers, recovered and was later arrested for telling the people of his wounds. The officials claimed that he had never been hurt and he was thrown into jail. Of course, the claim of the authorities was so weak that they had to release the boy, whose thin body will always bear the scars of the wounds he received from the military butchers.

Jack Fitzgerald has been arrested and denied bail, on a charge of circulating seditious literature. Every criticism of the military or the authorities in the recent murders is seized upon as sedition. Comrade Fitzgerald and Little Monty were both witnesses who were to appear before an investigation commission. The seditious literature which was discovered upon Comrade Fitzgerald were photo post cards of himself that Monty, the newsboy was selling. They bore the words:

"The July 5th massacre, Monty Dunmore, the little thirteen year old boy who was shot through the back while selling Strike Heralds to the crowd at the Rand Club."

Our old friend, Archie Crawford, who visited America two years ago, is to be tried for "printing seditious literature." In fact it is suspected that he is responsible for the Monty Dunmore post card. Furthermore, in spite of their extreme brutality, in spite of the fact that the brave (?) soldier boys only a few weeks ago massacred over a score of people, Comrade Crawford is accused of despising and criticising the ARMY.

We expect that the next news bulletin we receive from Africa will bear tidings of the arrest of more old friends on a charge of holding seditious (or unfriendly) views of the courts and judges themselves.

Luckily we are not on the Dark Continent and we take pleasure in informing our readers that we believe the Benoni authorities, and those who commanded them, who were responsible for the murder of men, women and children in the Rand District during the strike are the most precious gang of cut-throats still unhung. When the working class is victorious in South Africa, may they receive all they deserve from those from whom they have taken away.

TO WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA SOCIALISTS

Arrangements have been made with the H. A. Schafer News Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., 307 Third avenue, to handle the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, and every active Socialist should see to it that news and magazine dealers are supplied with the REVIEW. Ask for it when buying your newspaper. This company will also carry a full line of standard Socialist books.

STUDY COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM

By J. E. Sinclair

INTRODUCTORY LESSON

FOR the first time in human history the working class, urged on by economic need, is slowly but surely constituting itself into a new nation, separate, distinct, and independent of all other nations, classes, hierarchies, or dynasties. This mighty amalgamation of the working class of the world is only partly spontaneous. In order that it be efficient, it must be conscious and intelligent. It must know the laws that govern its own movement, and, knowing these laws, it must master them. Not blindly, but with clear heads and determined hearts, must we advance to the great work that now lies at hand.

Just as in biology we study the evolution of the cell from its simplest protoplasmic mystery which the microscope reveals, on up to the most complicated organism, so must we study the development of this new nation, the INTERNATIONAL of labor, from its simple strivings in economic ignorance on to the glorious dawning that we now see reddening in the East. With careful hands we must sift the wheat from the chaff in the story of the romantic rise of labor, from clay in the hands of brute masters, to a mighty militant force, before which the master class trembles today or grows desperate in its mastery.

We shall find that the progress of this militant movement of the masses is determined by the spread of scientific knowledge and the resulting development of class solidarity, which is born in the storm and stress of the class struggle, the most momentous thing in history. In order that we may smooth the way for the great change that everyone knows is coming, we must spread knowledge of the right kind. There are many kinds of knowledge. But we of the working class have little time for non-essentials. We must go directly to that kind of knowledge that is of the most worth to us, the kind that makes for more food, clothing and shelter. This knowledge is economic knowledge. It requires an insight into history, science and philosophy that can only be acquired by study and reflection.

It so happens that this economic knowledge, being of a social nature, can best be acquired while studying with others. That is why the writer urges you to go immediately and form a study club. You will save money in the purchase of books. You will interest others. You will create for yourself an audience. You will multiply your enthusiasm manifold. You will find it very hard to keep up the work all alone unless you are full of the divine fire of the revolution. Remember that the world belongs to the class that has in its possession or in its employ the kind of brain power that makes for the acquirement of wealth. We of the working class cannot hire these brains; we must develop them. It is a giant's task; but the prize is the world.

It is with the hope that a new group of working class speakers and writers may be produced that these lessons are undertaken. For years we have listened to members of some other class tell us what is good for us. It has been very humiliating. We must now learn to speak for ourselves, we who work and die for another class. We must so systematize our knowledge that we can make others feel and see as we do the degradation of our class. Mere noise will get us nowhere. We have had enough of that. Leave that to the politicians. We must get down to the elemental things of life, and these are the things that sustain life. We must go to the sources of our sustenance—to the processes of production—before we can interpret the various social structures that flourish and fade from time to time along the path of history, like flowers fluttering their brief lives away under the polar sun.

But these studies will not be solely designed for the worker whose desire is to speak and write. Outside our ranks, suffering as we suffer, dying as we die, there swarm the millions of our brothers in toil. They are blind to the golden possibilities of their class. Under the spell of capitalism, they perform miracles of cruelty against us or slowly smother their so inmost yearning in suffocating clouds

superstition manufactured by the masters for this purpose alone. Their lives are deserts, devoid of intellectual flora of any but the crudest kind. No more pitiful thing lies in our pathway today than this vast, inert mass of unambitious ignorance. Can we in some way, by forming study clubs, shoot into this dark cloud some few red rays of our most ardent hope?

It may be possible to so blend the history and science and philosophy that we must study together in such a way that those readers who heretofore have taken no interest in the great movement for working-class emancipation will gladly join with us in a noble endeavor to at least understand what that movement is and what its aspirations may be. In this day of magazines and encyclopedias the average man wants to be well informed. There is little ground for dispute when we assert that a clear-headed Socialist is a valuable intellectual asset in any community. True, he is hated and maligned by the petty crooks and political shysters; but around him there hovers the atmosphere of mind. He sees where others see not. He flies where others flounder, because he deals with facts that are tangible and material. There is no mystery, no guesswork about Socialism. Its claims are based upon demonstrable data, and the sincere student soon finds himself the master of new intellectual continents and as sincere a revolutionist as anyone could wish. It is well known in the inner circles of the capitalist class that the only thing that stands between the misery of our day and the universal happiness of mankind is economic ignorance on the part of the working class.

The careless student of Socialism pronounces it mere politics. There are even so-called Socialists who consider merely the political phases of the movement. It is difficult for such persons to understand why Socialist publishing houses are anxious to push the circulation of books on botany, zoology, astronomy, geology, and other scientific subjects. Our study will make this plain. It is difficult for these persons to understand why the monumental works of Marx and Engels mention politics so very little and deal so thoroughly with industrial processes. It is difficult for certain types of non-wage working minds to understand why the workshop counts for so much in Socialist literature and the talkshop counts

for so little. As we come to understand the class struggle in all its brutal significance, as we master the Marxian theory of surplus value, and we reach the intellectual attainment of the materialistic interpretation of life, the riddles that so puzzle the careless student and so befuddle the bourgeoisie and their satellites dissolve themselves like thin clouds before the morning sun.

Socialism being the outgrowth of material and scientific progress and the application of scientific methods of research to social phenomena, it is justly called scientific as opposed to the pseudo-socialistic utopianism of the best of the bourgeois thinkers. The shimmering Utopias that these idealistic gentlemen have reared have furnished our capitalist enemies with an imaginary Socialism which they have kicked to pieces with great glee, thinking all the time that it was the real thing.

So essential is it that we get rid of this misconception as to the nature of Socialism at the start that we are going to risk the general study of Socialism in a brief form first and then go back and study the details in future lessons.

The books that the student will need at the beginning are the following: "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Engels; "The Communist Manifesto and No Compromise," by Marx, Engels, and Liebknecht; "The Class Struggle," by Kautsky; "Ethics and the Materialistic Interpretation of History," by Kautsky; "Socialism and Modern Science," by Ferri, and "Value Price and Profit," by Marx. These books are all published by the publishers of this magazine and may be bought through any Socialist local or by direct purchase through the mails. If you cannot get all of them, get the first three and begin by reading carefully the first one this month. Make notes as you read, so that you may carry the thought along in abbreviated form and thus gain a conception of the whole book in a concise way. Repeated reading may be necessary, and it is very desirable that you use encyclopedias of a standard kind and histories, even of the capitalist kind, in which to look up the persons and events mentioned by Engels.

Next month we shall have outlines and questions covering your reading and shall endeavor to give suggestive details for the conduct of your club and the home study work that you should do. See that you do

not miss an issue as the lessons will be so planned that one will overlap the other like shingles on a roof.

Let the students get immediate possession of the books mentioned. Some can be bought in paper bindings for a nominal sum; but if possible the cloth bindings are best to buy. They are of permanent value and will be of use to you for years, forming the nucleus of a Socialist library in your home—if you have a home. From time to time we shall mention other books which you will need and others which you can use to advantage but which are not imperatively necessary in this course.

The writer while probably too busy to answer criticism, will greatly appreciate the

same and hopes that no error of his will stand unchallenged. Were Socialism a static thing it would be easy to define it and agree as to the details; but it is an ever changing dynamic force the transforming power of which is just beginning to be dimly felt in the organization of world-wide parties, in the mass action of vast armies of industrial workers, and in the iconoclastic smashing of social structures that no longer deserve respect. The theory and practice of such a vast movement, the movement of the *INTERNATION*, gives us plenty of room for divergent opinions, and this is well. The sane student appreciates the possibilities of honest differences.

AT WORK IN THE PARTY

By Frank Bohn

EDITOR'S NOTE—The members of the Socialist party are just now devoting considerable time to analysis and inspection. They are examining the weak points of their organization and preparing plans for its future development. This is not a time for mutual recriminations but for fraternity and zeal in the common cause. Comrade Frank Bohn has consented to write for the *REVIEW* a series of articles dealing intimately with the organization problems of the party.—Editor *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*.

THE propaganda of the Socialist party has been amazingly successful. Its message has now penetrated to the most remote recesses of the mountain districts, east and west, and of Alaska. It is being boldly and intensely conducted among every foreign element of our working class. The older fallacies regarding Socialism have quite disappeared from the public mind. Even our rapidly growing vote does not register the developing influence of the movement. Effective newspaper methods, among which a glaring sensationalism has not been rejected, have helped mightily. Our distribution of leaflets and pamphlets has been conducted on a gigantic scale. Much literature of a solid character has been studied. Socialism may now be called the "belief" of millions. Our cause is supported with loyalty and enthusiasm by the host who pay dues and render themselves responsible for the party's conduct.

But in the matter of organization our efforts have been a lamentable failure. In this we lag so far behind our propaganda as to lead to serious doubts as regards our organization methods. If our

organization has been "democracy on trial," then we are now democracy proved a failure. But both premise and conclusion would be quite unsound. The question is whether such a specific variety of democracy as we exhibit in our organization can succeed in America now.

The cause for these doubts surely does not lie in the incapacity of our membership as individuals. It is institutional in character. Country America established an individualistic democracy. We, in all our thinking and acting, are its products. Our bourgeois classes have never yet succeeded in establishing a really successful municipal administration anywhere. They simply have not yet developed the ability to work together in politics for any common purpose. The idea that the American capitalist class is class conscious is an utter fallacy. One of them is still willing to undermine another by paying a labor leader to organize a strike in his rival's plant. The Manufacturers' Association has been a greater failure than our labor unions.

As regards every phase of life we Americans find difficulty in organizing. We had rather live in separate houses than

share the cheaper, more comfortable and labor-saving apartment house with others. In agriculture the co-operative use of machinery would effect a gigantic saving for the farmers, but it is almost never practiced. In an age of gigantic collectivities, we are a nation of individualists, blundering about in our efforts to organize. Anyone who observed the American army at the time of the Spanish-American War had this fact thrust home upon him in a way never to be forgotten. Put a crowd of these individuals into an organization which has the form of democracy and they will proceed to select or tolerate a boss. Wherever the Socialist party has succeeded in capturing a city of over twenty thousand people it has done so under the guidance of individual leadership. Usually when a labor union gets through a strike without dissolution, it comes out boss-ruled.

Of course, we should not be much troubled by these facts. If we are, history will salve our sore. With the settlement of America the English colonists surrendered the remnants of the most ancient democratic institution among the Aryan peoples—the village community. French, German and Russian peasants are still organized in these communities. Their dwellings are grouped about the market place, the church and the school. In England these organisms were much broken by the enclosures. The village peasants became wandering wage slaves and beggars. America was originally settled by these and by the individualistic business men who came over to exploit them. In the vast woods they ran wild, waxed fat, but never organized anything worth mentioning except a property protecting government and latterly the sponging trusts.

With these facts in mind we shall not begin our discussion by being too self-accusative. We are simply finding it hard to act together in a civilized way. The middle class is trying to do the same in politics and at first failing, just as we are.

Into the environment described there have been thrown the disintegrating forces of twenty nationalities and thirty languages and dialects. The land has been covered with great industries built

like spider webs during an autumn night. The old moralities have been broken down before the new have had a chance to take root. What has been accomplished bears eloquent testimony to the outstanding fact that, as men, we are not so bad after all.

Can We Organize?

The *London Nation*, weekly organ of the Lloyd-George radicals, commenting editorially upon the work of August Bebel, very generously observed that, while in England the Socialist movement had furnished ideas for the other parties, in Germany it had organized its own party. If we understand the Socialist movement in England, the hardest problem there is quite the same as here. Failing to organize the working class, our comrades have "furnished ideas" for the bourgeois parties—that is, ideas with which to fight real socialism. We are doing the same here.

We CAN organize, but we must set ourselves about learning the art. Collectivist democracy must creep before it can walk and ride horses. The Confederacy was one year, and the Union two years, in organizing an effective army. They learned the difficult art of war and we can do the same on the political field.

The First Principle.

The first principle of organized democracy is expressed by the time-worn Americanism, "be a good loser." To be willing to be in the minority—to cheerfully support the work of the party—to sit in the back seat, while others fill the offices, aye, even the salaried jobs—to end the fiercest debate with a smile—finally, to keep our minds open to conviction by our bitterest opponents—such are the steps which lead toward democracy.

The history of many of our local and state organizations in the Socialist party is a history of factional bitterness and personal squabbles among leaders. If among a hundred members there are three who do not abide by the first principle of democracy, they will disrupt the whole organization. The difficulty with a factionalist disrupter is that he really believes his one hobby to be the vital thing in the movement. Members come and members go, but the fanatic we have always with us.

Do You Know This Fellow?

He was a bright boy and joined the Socialist party feverish with a desire to bring on the revolution. Three months later he read the Communist Manifesto and at once insisted that every member of the local commit it to memory or stand expelled. A while later he found industrial unionism, and plunging into it (theoretically) up to his ears, attempted to drag everybody else in, too, sneering at those who took their time at it. Next he joined the I. W. W. and left the Socialist party, which he castigated a petty bourgeois crowd, ignorant of socialism, etc. In the I. W. W. he remained for about six months, that is, until the general officers refused to obey his instructions. He then resigned from the I. W. W., which he said was machine-ruled by meal ticket artists, and went over to the Syndicalists. At this stage he refused to be known as a Socialist. For a while he took subscriptions for *Mother Earth* and then set about organizing a free love colony of which he intended to make himself the sultan. We think that he wound up as a class struggle hero, in jail somewhere, with everybody including himself, glad of it.

At Work in a Local.

The second principle or organization towards democracy is that much time and patience are needed to accomplish valuable and lasting results. Members usually join the party because the enthusiasm aroused by some favorite speaker or writer. It takes two or three years for the most intelligent new member to attain a scientific attitude of mind, accumulate a considerable amount of Socialist knowledge and learn through experience to work effectively in the organization. Many whose services are nevertheless valuable are unable to become well-informed revolutionists. Every local of a hundred members will contain minds in every stage of development. All of these are not only welcome, but are deserving of our fullest comradeship. Successful organization implies the binding together of all in a common purpose. A party organizer, amateur or professional, is successful only in so far as he is able to harmonize various and discordant elements, and secure the greatest amount of valuable work from the whole.

Usually a local which is kept at work fighting the enemy will not be broken by factionalism. Socialists are inately "kickers." If they are not fighting capitalism they are pretty sure to be fighting one another. Only a local organization which can govern itself successfully and devote its time entirely to positive work is morally fit to take over the administration of a city government and conduct it in a creditable manner.

Organization and Personal Rights.

In a compact, dues-paying organization such as is the Socialist party, a perennial danger arises from the tendency of members to interfere with one another's affairs. We are so much like a great family that we sometimes forget that we are after all only a political party.

In a labor union differences of political and religious faith are necessarily kept in the background. Otherwise a labor union could not possibly succeed in holding together the diverse elements engaged in an industry.

In the Socialist party a member has a right to belong to any labor union he pleases, either for immediate advantage or revolutionary purpose. He has a right to belong to any church he cares to, without being insulted or criticised therefore. He has a right, above all, to have the whole sphere of his private life kept absolutely free from inspection by his comrades.

Who Constitute the Party?

The dues-paying membership of the Socialist party now numbers about ninety thousand. Of these not more than thirty thousand do the actual work of organization and propaganda. This nucleus of thirty thousand voluntarily accept the great burden of the responsibility for the party's conduct and welfare. They are not the party, even though they represent the party. For every active worker in the party there are two inactive dues payers, some thirty non-dues paying voters and at least sixty men, women and children who are Socialists but not voters. In the work of organization, therefore, each active member represents a hundred comrades in the cause. This responsibility must undoubtedly lead to a more serious effort to bring our organization technically and morally up to the standards required by the work we have to do.



SOAP AND WATER

Leroy Scott in the Masses

WITH a little grunt someone sank down upon the bench beside me. But this event hardly penetrated my consciousness, so amused was I by the Governor Sulzer low comedy at Albany—until a husky voice breathed close against my tympanum.

"Excuse me, sir—but could you spare me a nickel to get a cup o' coffee?"

I looked up from my paper. I was aware first of a green and purple hat, crumpled, with broken feather, reeling over one ear; and of a heavy cloth dress—the August temperature was at 90—burst in its shoulder seams, and work-soiled and gutter-soiled beyond any guessing its shop color. The lady's face was puffed, her little blue eyes were filmy; but she was smiling at me with perfect affability and self-composure.

I spared the nickel.

"Thanks." With bloodshot eye she meditatively studied the coin, lying in the cup of her grimy palm. "What d'you think—should I buy me a drink, or get a cup o' hot coffee?"

"Better get the coffee," I advised.

"Yes, I'll get the coffee. It'll help sober me up. You see," she confided, with her amiable smile, "I'm just comin' out of an awful drunk."

"Indeed?" I remarked, politely.

"Yes, a regular terror of a drunk. I must look a sight. My face dirty?"

I charted the worst areas and she tried to erase them with the backs of hands that were even dirtier. "Yes, I'll get the coffee,"—eyeing the nickel again. And then in an apologetic voice, as mildly matter-of-course as that of a hostess whose empty tea pot will not permit the giving of a second cup; "I'm sorry, but I had to give up my furnished room. Else I'd ask you to come up."

"That's all right," I assured her.

"It's kind of you not to mind," she said simply.

"Why did you have to give up your room?"

"All along o' my drinkin'. That's the trouble—whisky. I'm strong; look at them two arms; some muscle there—what! And

I'm not so old—thirty-four. And I'm a hard worker—dish-washer, scrub-woman, y'understand"—she mentioned the restaurants and hotels she had worked at—"and I make good money—five a week and my eats, and the eats are good, too—but o' course I have to sleep myself. Oh, Maggie Moore can take care o' herself all right! Ought to, for I been doin' it steady since I was seven. And I ain't got no kick comin', none at all. For"—even the grime and puffiness of her face could not entirely conceal the native cheeriness of her smile—"this is a pretty fine little world, now ain't it?"

"But your room?" I reminded her.

"Oh, yes. I'm ramblin', ain't I? I guess it's the whisky and my not havin' eat anything. Well, it was while I had my last job at Codington's that me and Lizzie Turner, who scrubbed at the Hotel Belmont, went on a spree together. That's what happens to me about every six months; I get sort o' tired o' the work, I guess, dishes, more dishes, and more dishes—y' understand? I comes back to the restaurant, drunk, and starts to get busy with my face, and I gets fired. Served me right, too. I'm an awful fool. I got to drinkin' some more and was asleep here in the park when along comes a cop and puts the stick to my feet and tells me to hustle along. I was sleepy, y'understand, and drunk, y'understand, and I tells the cop I won't and that three o' him can't turn the trick. He tries and I puts up a scrap—but, sure, he was too much for me. The judge give me six months on the Island."

"So you've been in the workhouse then, Miss—ah—Miss Moore?"

"What'd'you suppose—sure, lots o' times. But cut out that Miss business. Maggie's my name; nobody ain't ever called me anything else. The workhouse, it ain't so bad. You see it gives you a chance to rest up. I got out two weeks ago—not a cent—and it August—and nothin' but these winter clothes."

"Two weeks and not a cent! How'd you live?"

"Picked up a man," she said simply. "He kept me three or four days and treated me fine, till his money give out. Since then—Lord, it ain't me that can tell you. I've been what you see me now—a bum."

Her face, which had grown momentarily

grave, again brightened with its smile of utter candor and good-fellowship. "What d'you think o' President Wilson? Pretty good sort o' man, ain't he?" And for a space Maggie and I discussed presidents and ex-presidents and secretaries of state—"wisht I could be satisfied with Old Man Bryan's drink," sighed Maggie—and politics and suffrage and the high cost of living.

And then, again without an instant's hesitation, her mind lightly leaped another conversational chasm, "What's become o' that Evelyn Thaw?" she demanded.

"She's doing a dance in vaudeville."

"I don't see how the people stand for her!" Maggie burst out in wrathful disgust. "If there's anything I ain't got any use for it's a woman like that! Blood-sucker! There's nothin' decent about 'em. If she'd been, y'understand, honest about things with both men, nothin' would ever have happened. You be square to the men, and they'll be square to you. Ain't that right?"

"You've found it so?"

"Sure, I've always acted like a lady, and the men have always treated me like a lady. I ain't got no kick comin' against a man in the world. But that Evelyn Thaw! Think o' her, after livin' with both men, stirrin' Harry up to shoot a man like Stanford White. She should 'a' been shot herself! Didn't she have no heart? Didn't she think o' his poor mother, and that his m-mother loved him, and that it would almost kill his m-m-mother?" Maggie's voice was breaking with somewhat maudlin sentiment, and with the back of a hand she brushed the tears from her eyes. "I know how his mother felt? I had a m-mother, and I've been a m-mother myself."

"Indeed! You have a child?"

"What you might almost say two"—growing more composed. "One of 'em I got rid of before—y'understand. A young girl what's working can't very well afford to have a baby—so I thought. But the other one I really had. He's thirteen now; smart little devil lives with his aunt and works in one o' them millionaire shops on Fifth avenue; wears a funny little suit with brass buttons all over it and stands near the door. Only I don't darst go near there."

"How about his father? Ever helped you any?"

"His father? Him? Huh? No. He's in the navy. They're a bum lot, them navy

men. He says he ain't the kid's father—and fact is, I ain't so sure that he is. Oh, well! I never needed no man's help. I can look out for myself." And her head with its grotesque wreck of a hat nodded confidently, and she smiled cheerily at me and at the world.

"Still," she mused on, philosophically, without a trace of bitterness or self pity, "it's pretty tough when a woman gets to be a bum, like me. I've been like this before, and have always managed to pull myself up—and o' course I'll do it this time, somehow. But it's tough. When a man gets down in the gutter, people will help him out. But when a woman's in the gutter, there's no, what'd'you call 'em, Good S'maritan, for her. Still, I ain't worryin'.

"But say—what's a bum in my fix goin' to do? I'm a good worker, and the employment agents know it, and I could get a job in a minute, only— Say, just look at them hands, won't you!" And holding them up and cocking her head to one side she herself gazed at them in wry, detached amusement. "Ain't them the dirtiest two paws you ever seen! And I guess my face ain't much better. And I could get a job if I only had my hands and face washed. But where am I goin' to get soap and water and a place to

wash? Ain't that the devil of a funny fix for a woman to be in!"

She laughed with genuine humor at the absurdity of her predicament.

My slow mind began to fumble with a plan for smuggling her for a few job-giving moments up into my bath room. But before my mind could operate, Maggie was on her feet, clutching her skirt with her left hand.

"Well, I guess I'd better be movin' along." And then apologetically, as one who has failed in ordinary courtesy: "I'm awful sorry about my furnished room. If I only had one, I'd"—

"That's quite all right," I assured her once more.

"Anyhow," she said heartily, "it's been a pleasure to have had an intellectual conversation with a man like you." Holding the nickel under the third and fourth fingers of her right hand, she gripped my hand with her grubby thumb and two forefingers and shook it warmly. "Good-bye. Glad to 'a' met you. Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll make it coffee."

And smiling cheerfully at me once more she shuffled away in her unbuttoned shoes, and out of the park . . . leaving me still fumbling with my idea of a basin of water and a cake of soap.

YOU CAN GO TO VIENNA to attend the International Socialist Congress next summer. The **Review** stands ready to pay your expenses, including railroad and steamer fare from Chicago or Eastern points to Vienna and return, together with \$25.00 for hotel bills. What we ask in return is that before June 1, 1914, you send us 300 **Review** subscriptions at the regular price. For further particulars, see page 256 of the October Review. Begin sending subscriptions at once, and don't forget to say that they are to apply on your International Congress account.

EDITORIAL

SOCIALISTS, POLICE COURTS AND JURIES

NO reform, nor any series of reforms, is going to end wage slavery. No reform is of any consequence compared with the overthrow of the capitalist class. And so long as the capitalist class controls the United States courts, no state nor municipality will be allowed to carry out any reform that will diminish the profits of the capitalist class. Lastly, not to be misunderstood, we repeat for the thousandth time that the main task of the Socialist movement is to educate and organize the wage-workers of the civilized world for the overthrow of the whole profit system.

Yet when all is said, we can not sidestep the question of reform, and this for two reasons. First, because the initiative and referendum are coming into general use, and Socialists, like other people, will need to vote yes or no on a mass of new legislation. Second, because Socialists are and will be in control of certain municipalities, and our success or failure in so running these as to improve the condition of the wage-workers who live in them will be a fair test of our sincerity and our ability to do bigger things.

There are reforms and reforms. Some reforms benefit property owners exclusively, as for example to stop graft and reduce taxes. We need not pause over a discussion of any reform that would benefit the wage workers exclusively, since any such reform would certainly be "unconstitutional." But most reforms lie between these two extremes, and whether we, as revolutionists, should support or oppose any particular reform depends on whether it will benefit the wage-workers **MORE** or **LESS** than the capitalists.

The one government institution which is most glaringly mismanaged in nearly every American city is the police system. Capitalist papers can defend it only by concealing its rottenness. Every little

while one of them, as lately the Chicago Tribune, breaks out into a spasm of indignation over some of the abuses, but little or nothing is done, and things go on as before. And the fact remains that the police system is an extremely ineffective protection to even the property of all but the biggest capitalists, while it is a constant menace to the lives of a large portion of the working class.

The offense for which the largest number of arrests is made is drunkenness. For this offense most city ordinances impose a fine of from one to a hundred dollars in the discretion of the court. If a prisoner has the money he can pay the fine and go. If he has not, he is imprisoned, usually, we understand, at the rate of a day for each fifty cents of the fine. Even on paper this looks like a pretty hard arrangement for the man without money, but in practice it is worse. The police stations in working-class districts of large cities are usually unsanitary, without proper ventilation, and overcrowded with unfortunate prisoners suffering from all varieties of diseases. One night in such a place is not only torture to any one not accustomed to such surroundings, but is also a serious menace to health. Consequently the average policeman in the exercise of his discretion is careful not to arrest any one with money or a "pull," and saloon-keepers exercise their "pull" in behalf of regular customers, so that the ordinance fails of accomplishing its nominal purpose of suppressing drunkenness in public. But the unfortunate with no money and no "pull," after the perilous night in the police station, is confronted with a jail sentence for lack of money to pay his fine. If he has a wife and children, they are dependent on public or private charity until he has served his term and found a new job. A few such experiences naturally go far toward transforming a man

from an aggressive wage-worker with fighting possibilities in him into a down-and-outer who can be used to break strikes or do the dirty work for old-party politicians.

This whole system is an outrage on wage-workers. If that were all, it would doubtless last as long as capitalism lasts. But incidentally, it is also a very wasteful system for the capitalist. It handicaps a highly organized manufacturing plant to some of its trained workers locked up in disease-breeding cells where their "efficiency" is being impaired. So in Germany they have found a better way of managing these things.

The sensible way to run the police department, in the light of German experience, would seem to be to take a man home instead of to a police station, when he is merely helpless from drink. The expense of so doing might be assessed on the saloon-keeper who sold him his last drink, or if the judge thinks it necessary to fine the drinker, the fine might be taken out of his next pay envelope instead of locking up where he can't work.

The important thing is to insist that all offenders, those with and those without money, shall be treated alike. Make this an issue in a municipal campaign and it will be very hard for the other side to make an argument against you that will appeal to wage-workers. Live up to the platform when elected, and you will help keep the issue clear-cut between the wage-workers and the capitalists.

And don't forget to watch the workings of the jury system when wage-workers are placed on trial for life or liberty. In

most large cities the juries are deliberately packed in the interest of the capitalist class, and no protest is made in behalf of the wage-workers. How is this managed in your town? How would your Local manage it if your members were elected to run the county government?

The jury system is a bigger question than many Socialists realize. Within the next few years the manner in which jurors are chosen may mean all the difference between life and death to some of us. Trial by jury, the right to which was wrested by our ancestors from English kings, implies that the names of jurors should be drawn by lot from the polling-lists, not picked out by officials to suit themselves or their masters. If the juries in your county are picked out by county officials, get up and protest.

Lastly, and this is something YOU can do any time YOU are drawn on a jury, don't vote to convict a wage-worker for injuring a corporation, unless you think his act is injurious to other wage-workers. Don't vote to convict unless you think that the conviction of the man on trial will benefit the working class. Get out of your head, and if possible get out of the heads of your fellow jurors, the idea that there is anything sacred about capitalist law. Remember that as a juror you are judge of the law as well as the facts. The judge will tell you this isn't so. All the same, he can not send a man to prison if you and the other jurors vote to acquit him.

Stormy times will come before capitalism ends. Juries will be a defensive weapon well worth looking after. Let us not neglect them.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The Passing of Harry Quelch.—On Wednesday, September 17, Harry Quelch breathed his last. He had not played so large a part in the international movement as had August Bebel, whose taking off we recorded only last month, but it is safe to say that there was no man more loved, or more worthy of love, in all the ranks of the English working class. He was born in 1858. The son of working people, he was forced to leave school and enter a shop at the age of ten. At an early age he became a radical in politics, and at twenty-three, under the influence of Hyndman, became a Socialist. Since then he has served the cause in many ways, chiefly as editor of *Justice*. In one aspect above all others, his life may well serve as an inspiration to young Socialists. He lacked all the advantages of school education. Through his own efforts, however, he became a good linguist, a fine speaker, and a profound student of political economy. Perhaps no one has ever expounded Socialist economics more vigorously or clearly than he did, both with pen and voice. And he had character, the real thing. He was never twisted or fuddled. Moreover, he was deeply human and lovable. We have among us in this country many comrades who are proud to say that they worked with Harry Quelch during this or that great struggle in England. And the mention of him always brings a new flash into their eyes and a new courage into their hearts. He was one of the fighters and he fought a good fight.

The Germans and the General Strike.

—For four months now our German comrades have been discussing the general strike. Leading party officials have kept saying that it is all nonsense to talk about it now, that the thing is absolutely out of the question for the present, that the attendant publicity would but reveal their unpreparedness to the enemy, etc., etc. But the discussion went merrily on. Many party branches asked to have speakers take the matter up. *Vorwaerts* and *Neue Zeit* were filled with

it. And, of course, it was inevitable that the party congress, which met at Jena on September 15, should find it the most important item on its program.

The whole discussion, covering more than three months and culminating in the debate at Jena, is one of the most imposing pieces of social polemic which the history of the Socialist movement can exhibit. In June a contributor of *Neue Zeit* accused the great German party of being awakened by a bourgeois spirit. The workers now have something more to lose than their chains, he said, and our tremendous party machine has lost its soul. He was answered in various ways by Kautsky and others, but the only all-sufficing answer lies in the history of the party since his article appeared. When the time was ripe, when the conditions began to demand renewed activity, the membership of the party roused itself. Throughout Germany the comrades have ceased to think about the struggles of the past and are counting their strength preparatory to the greater struggle of the future.

The conditions which have led up to this are sufficiently familiar. For years the burning question in Germany has been the Prussian political system, especially the three-class electoral method which makes it impossible for the workers to get any adequate representation in the national parliament. Against this system the Socialists have agitated in every conceivable way. They have written, they have denounced in mass meetings, they have held great mass demonstrations in streets and parks. They have succeeded in rousing the people to such an extent that in the elections last spring they polled about a million votes. But with all their votes they gained only one seat over the six which they held before. The government had long promised them reform, but had broken its promise. They were evidently at an impasse. By mere counting of votes they cannot change the political machine. They cannot expect the masses of

the people to go on forever marching up and down the streets to impress the government which is determined not to be impressed. To go on longer in the old way would be to make a farce of the whole agitation.

This situation culminated shortly after the Belgian general strike. The Germans naturally applied the Belgian lesson to their own case. They have two millions in their labor unions, a million votes in Prussia and four and a quarter millions in the empire. They have long been organizing one of the finest political machines in the world. Several years ago a party congress formally recorded the fact that the general strike is a weapon which may, and should, be used as a weapon of last resort. Everywhere comrades began to ask: "Is not this the time to draw this weapon and strike a mighty blow at the shackles which bind us?"

To be sure, nobody in Germany considered for a moment the advisability of making such a move without careful preparation. American papers which represented Rosa Luxemburg as advocating such a thing at Jena were lying to serve the purposes of international capitalism. In the congress and outside of it everybody agreed that the general strike should eventually be used if necessary, and in case it is used, every means should be taken to insure its success. But some said it was a mistake to discuss the matter at present; others said it might be well to talk about it in order that the workers might be ready for it at some distant future time; and others said preparations should be commenced at once in order that a blow might be struck as soon as possible for a modern franchise law in Prussia.

At Jena, the debate centered about two resolutions. The executive committee of the party submitted one merely reaffirming the declaration made at previous congresses. A group of comrades, including Luxemburg, Zetkin, Pennekoek, Ledebour, Liebknecht and others equally well known, submitted a resolution to amend the statement of the executive committee. The paragraphs which they proposed to add to it hailed with approbation the reawakened interest in the general strike and called upon the membership to perfect the party organization and in all

other ways possible to prepare the way so that such a strike might be successful when it was finally called. This is as far as the most radical of the Germans went.

The real difference between the two groups lay chiefly in their spirit. Comrade Scheideman, who spoke for the executive committee, and those who supported him, Bernstein, Bauer and others, said, in effect: "We represent some four millions; the government has behind it the army and navy, some two millions of upper classes and at least six million conservative working people; a physical struggle against such odds would be a calamity. Rosa Luxemburg fairly represented the spirit of the opposition group when she said: "We must so shape our tactics that we shall lead the workers straight toward a clearly defined goal and not land them in dull stagnation. Comrades, only by means of clear, unmistakable revolutionary tactics can we fire the masses with the spirit which they will need during the approaching struggle."

The motion to amend was lost by 333 votes to 142, and the resolution of the executive committee was carried almost unanimously. This result was heralded throughout the capitalist press as a defeat for the general strike and a proof of the conservatism of the German party. What it shows is the exact opposite of all this. It proves that the general strike idea is gaining ground in Germany with astonishing rapidity. *No one voted against it* and 142 voted in favor of working definitely for it.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

of The International Socialist Review, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor—Charles H. Kerr, 9 West Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor—Mary E. Marcy, 1321 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: There are no securities outstanding.

CHARLES H. KERR, Editor.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1913.

(Seal.) Michael J. O'Malley, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 8, 1916.)

NEWS AND VIEWS



COMRADES OF HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, PICNICKING ON BLACK LAKE. EVERYBODY HAD A GOOD TIME.—COMRADE FRANK BOHN SPEAKER.

Learn from Local Holland.—It is one of the model Socialist organizations in the United States. Located in the city of Holland, Michigan, among the conservative Holland people the statement was often made, "You may capture other towns but never Holland."

This local conducts permanent headquarters on the ground floor of one of the business blocks in the city. The rental is taken care of with the profits on the sale of cigars, tobacco and candies.

The education end is also self sustaining. For two winters the comrades have conducted the National Lecture course and made it pay its way. Each speaker coming to this city finds the meeting well arranged, advertised and generally enough tickets sold to more than cover the entire cost.

The local publishes the Holland Progressive

Worker, directly owned by the local and responsible to it. This paper is one of those originally started by the Finlay Call. When the flood swept that plant away they commenced to print it locally. It has been self-sustaining from the first. The monies coming in from subscriptions and advertising produce more than the expense of operating. The profits are used in the general distribution of the paper among non-subscribers. The advertising is secured on the guarantee results plan, tickets being printed and distributed among the local members bearing the words, "Holland Progressive Worker brings results." The merchants receive these and marks results on the back. They are all eager to advertise in the Worker as the results are not in doubt. Even our bitter opponents place their advertising with the Worker and do not try to con-

trol the policy of the paper. Considerable credit must be given the manager, Arie Van Doesburg, for its success.

Holland has elected two aldermen, Olaf Manson and Vernon King. These men are real Socialists and willingly receive the directions of the party local, carrying out all the resolutions that are given them. Some times there is a hot fight in the local but after a decision is reached practical unity is the result. Local Holland uses their aldermen to propagate Socialism. They do not think that political action can alone bring about Socialism.

Last spring Alderman King was reelected for a second term against the combined opposition of the Republicans, Democrats and Bull Moosers by a vote of almost two to one. He is now a candidate for the state secretaryship of the party in Michigan. He is not connected with any of the factional fights in the state. A great majority of the comrades are sick of eternal scrapping among ourselves.

The motto of Local Holland has ever been "Let the Heathen pay the freight." Even the picnics are more than self-sustaining. Our affairs are conducted on strictly a business basis and systematized in the best method possible.

The city is subdivided into districts for the distribution of literature and can be covered in one-half hour's time.

The new city charter provides for the initiative, referendum and recall and many other measures, making for popular government by the voter. These measures are some of the results of our work.

Holland has a considerable number of city industries, such as the electric light and water plant, both conducted for profit. The acquiring by the city of the gas plant is now being fought out and will probably be lost. The comrades consider these measures as educational but not as steps toward the revolution. The resolution for pure milk sold by the city, however, is held by them to be in the right direction. Holland is on the Socialist map to stay and other locals may learn many lessons from Local Holland.

Hustlers.—Comrade Humphrey, of Grand Junction, Colo., tops the list with subscriptions this month, having sent in 37 at one time. Comrade Rush ranks second with 36. The following have sent in ten or more subscriptions during the past month: Comrade Mateoja, Sointula, B. C.; Noetzold, Silverton, Ore.; Mallette, Palestine, Texas; Schrader, Ogden, Iowa; Cesarone, Utica, N. Y.; Musgrove, Scottsdale, Pa.; Giroir, Butte, Mont.; Hagwall, Negaunee, Mich.; Nef, Bozeman, Mont.; Herring, Harrisburg, Pa.; Rose Pastor Stokes, Stamford, Conn. Don't forget to go back and get short time subscribers to keep up the Study Course in Socialism, which starts in this issue.

Bound for Vienna

COMRADES L. T. RUSH of Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Comrade Brillhart of Omaha were the first to get their word in announcing the fact that they were already started on the way to Europe by getting subscriptions to THE REVIEW. Our best wishes are with the two comrades who entered the lists first. Comrade Rush thinks he will double the number and make it a longer trip. THE REVIEW will be glad to extend it indefinitely.

DO YOU WANT TO GO, TOO?

As announced in the October number of THE REVIEW, we have a plan which will enable our friends to attend the International Socialist Congress at Vienna next summer without any expense to them.

THIS IS OUR PLAN.

THE REVIEW will pay the railroad and steamship fare from any point east of Chicago to Vienna, Austria, and return, allowing \$25.00 for hotel bills, for any comrade who will send us 300 yearly REVIEW subscriptions before the first of next June. Any good hustler can easily get this number. You can substitute and send two six-months' subscriptions for one yearly subscription, if you desire. These are to be figured at the full price of \$1.00 for yearly and 50c for six-months' subscriptions. We will send free samples to all who wish to enter the race, and our earnest hope is that at least fifty comrades will avail themselves of THE REVIEW plan.

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Free Press in the Party.—Through the Socialist press and otherwise it has come to the notice of the board of directors of the New Review Publishing Association that the central committee of local New York (Manhattan) has promulgated an order forbidding the branches of the local from selling or distributing the NEW REVIEW at public or propaganda meetings.

While comprehending perfectly the motives underlying this order, the board of directors of the New Review Publishing Association desires to protest vigorously against it. The members of the board, who are also members of the Socialist party, deny the right of any authority in the party, even the highest, to dictate to the smallest subdivision of the party what kind of Socialist literature it may or may not use in its propaganda of Socialism. This board regards the action of the central committee as an usurpation of authority, which if permitted to stand, threatens to destroy within the party all freedom of speech and press and to suppress all honest and free discussion.

Free speech and free press are the most fundamental of all democratic rights, antedating the birth of the Socialist movement. And no progressive movement, least of all the labor movement or the Socialist party, can thrive without the freest discussion of principles, policies, tactics, and methods of procedure.

It has been asserted that this act of the central committee is not a violation of free press because it relates only to public meetings. The members of the board deny that any valid distinction can be drawn between propaganda and other meetings. In the first place, the sale and distribution of literature takes place almost exclusively at propaganda meetings, hence to prohibit the sale of the NEW REVIEW or any other publication at such propaganda meetings is equivalent to prohibiting its sale at practically all meetings. Secondly, to prohibit a minority from disseminating its views among those not yet members of the party is practically to prohibit that minority from propagating the ideas of Socialism in accordance with its own lights.

In the Roman Catholic Church the reading of the Bible by the laity is discouraged by the church authorities. Hitherto we have not been accustomed to think of audiences at Socialist meetings as being divided into two classes of which one (party members) may read certain publications with profit, while the other (non-members) are to be denied access to these publications.

The members of this board realize that to some narrow and inexperienced minds it may seem harmful to circulate among the general public publications in which appear occasional criticisms of party principles and tactics. But this view is based on two false assumptions: First, that the Socialist party is a petty sect of the elect and not a mass movement of the working class, or striving to become such; secondly, that internal differences in the Socialist party can be kept from the knowledge of the general public by an artificial process of smothering. Both of these assumptions are totally false. The falsity of the first requires

no argument. In regard to the second it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the subject matter of the article in the NEW REVIEW that appears to have led to the high-handed action of the majority of the central committee has been widely discussed, not only in the Socialist but also in the non-Socialist and capitalist press.

In conclusion the members of this board reiterate their protest and demand that the high-handed and usurpatory order in question be reconsidered and rescinded. The NEW REVIEW is published to further the cause of Socialism and the Socialist party. There may be now and then an honest difference of opinion as to the advisability of publishing this or that article, but there is never any justification for promulgating anathemas.

As affects the subdivisions of local New York (Manhattan), we leave it to them to assert their rights. We speak only as members of the board of directors of the New Review Publishing Association and as individual members of the Socialist party.—The New Review Publishing Association, Alexander Fraser, president; Bertha W. Howe, treasurer; Robert M. Lackey, secretary.

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The Class Struggle, (German title "Erfurter Program")—A clear and complete explanation of the principles of modern scientific Socialism, as accepted by members of the Socialist party in every civilized country. The book is in five sections: "The Passing of Small Production," "The Proletariat," "The Capitalist Class," "The Commonwealth of the Future," and "The Class Struggle." Cloth 50 cents, paper 25 cents.

The Social Revolution—in two parts. The first, "Reform and Revolution," explains why Socialists call themselves revolutionists and have no use for reforms. The second, "The Day After the Revolution," answers many of the questions so often asked as to what Socialists would do if they came into control of the State. Cloth, 50 cents.

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For \$1.50 we will send the International Socialist Review one year and any three of our 50 cent books. This offer includes postage in the U. S. Canadian postage 20 cents extra; foreign postage 36 cents extra.

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THE LOCAL AS A SCHOOL FOR SOCIALISTS

By J. L. Stark, State Committeeman of Ky.

THE crying need of the Socialist Party today throughout the nation is education. We gather our members from a capitalist environment. They were formerly voters for Capitalism. They cannot become class-conscious Socialists simply by signing a party pledge which says "I, the undersigned, recognize the CLASS STRUGGLE."

It requires scientific education that deals with economic evolution to develop a clear vision of the class struggle. We desire a collective struggle for a definite end, the abolition of the capitalist wage system. To accomplish the end sought requires a definite program as to how this end shall be achieved. The Socialist Party is an organization whose purpose is to drill the working class for this end—the overthrow of the capitalist state. It has another mission—the establishment of an industrial democracy, the co-operative commonwealth.

To work together throughout the nation for this ultimate goal is the object of organizing a political party diametrically opposed to all other political parties. The necessity of organizing the working class into a political party to capture the powers of government is to use the government to aid the working class in their struggles with the master class and direct the forces of revolution along peaceful lines, if possible, and avoid the misery and suffering attendant upon a violent and bloody revolution. Education of the working class is the great work of preparation.

Thousands of hard-working members of the Socialist Party are disgusted with the bitter antagonism among members of the Socialist Party in carrying on the local work. How to remedy this evil, to bring about harmony and class solidarity, is the earnest desire of all true and honest party members.

Personal experience and active service in the Socialist movement for fifteen years has convinced me that there can be but one scientific method of organization that will eliminate these disagreeable and discouraging factors in the Social Revolution.

We must have SYSTEM. To have sys-

tem we must have DISCIPLINE, to secure system and discipline requires a practical school of training.

WHY NOT MAKE OUR LOCALS SCHOOLS? Why not conduct them in the same manner as other educational organizations are conducted?

This is the program adopted by the state organization in Kentucky and will be adopted in all state locals.

The simplest and cheapest method of starting these Socialist schools is to adopt the little book called "Shop Talks," by Mary E. Marcy, published by the Chas. H. Kerr Company of Chicago, Ill., as a beginner's text-book. This little book has eight lessons in Marxian Socialism, and is Value, Price and Profit, by Marx, boiled down, for the easy digestion of students.

Organize a class; hold meetings once a week. Have a class instructor and have one student at each meeting read over carefully the lesson for the evening. At the conclusion of the reading the questions may be asked by the class instructor and thoroughly discussed. The class teacher should have extra questions to ask and interest the student in every direction. Compositions should be insisted upon to aid the students.

Use Value, Price and Profit as an additional text-book. These books should be gone through at least two or three times before the class takes up further studies. The next course should be the Manifesto by Marx, which can be divided into ten or more lessons.

Eight months' schooling, as above outlined, is so cheap that every member can afford the small cost. The Rand School correspondence course might be taken up. It consists of twenty-two lessons and the cost is low.

The writer has used the plan outlined for the past two years and can show, by practical experience, increased interest in the movement, harmony and a growing class solidarity.

It gives the members something to do when they join the local and keeps them growing. It develops them into real Socialists.

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The soft, rosy tint love-taps the cheeks; the neck, shoulders and arms show the health of youthful skin—in fact, you just can't help having a beautiful complexion if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

They are put up in convenient form to carry with you, are very palatable, and are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box.



TOM MANN, NEW YORK CALL.

Tom Mann Dates.—In response to requests for information about Tom Mann's American dates, we are advised that he will be available for meetings in the following places:

- Nov. 16. Chicago.
- Nov. 20. Akron, Ohio.
- Nov. 21. Rochester, Pa.
- Nov. 22 to 26. Pittsburgh district.
- Nov. 27. Washington, D. C.
- Nov. 30. Baltimore, Md.
- Dec. 1. Philadelphia, Pa.
- Dec. 2. Trenton, N. J.
- Dec. 3. Newark, N. J.
- Dec. 6. New York City.
- Dec. 8. Schenectady, N. Y.
- Dec. 9. Lawrence, Mass.
- Dec. 10. Boston, Mass.
- Dec. 12. Paterson, N. J.
- Dec. 13. New York City.
- Dec. 15. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Y. P. S. L.—Comrade Polachek of Schenectady writes, "The REVIEW made a great hit with our young members and it is going to be a big seller. Send twenty copies of October."

Watches It Work.—Comrade Hisel of Fairfield writes: "I like to make a monthly call on friends with a copy of the last REVIEW and watch their minds opening to the truth of Socialism. Send 20 of October."

McKnight, Our Western Border in Early Pioneer Days, \$3.50, 732 pages, our price, half-morocco..	\$2.00
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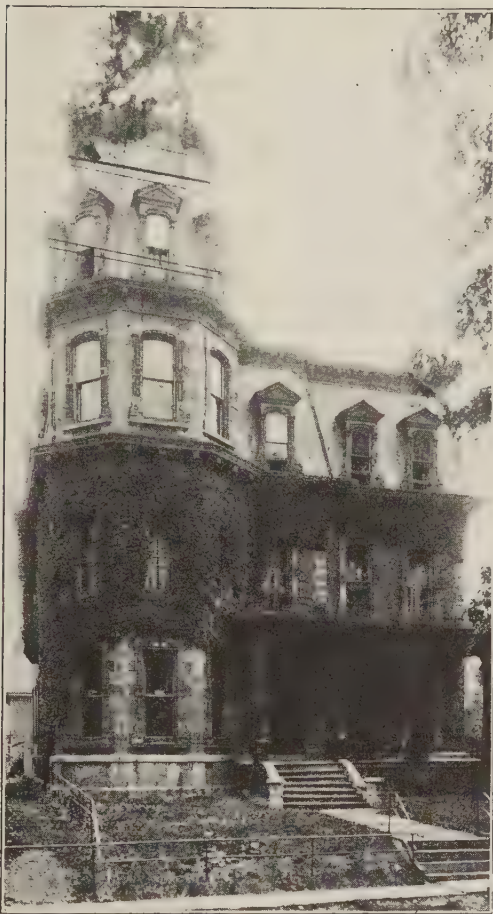
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HOME OF THE PROLETARIAT CLUB, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

Buffalo Proletarian Club.—At last the Proletarian Club has secured a club-house in keeping with the aims and character of the organization. On and after October 1 the Proletarian Club will be "at home" in the magnificent quarters formerly occupied by the Press Bicycle Club. The building to be occupied by the club has eighteen large rooms, including an assembly room or dance hall, which will easily seat 300. Arrangements have already been made to have the place completely furnished, with pianos—one piano for each floor—pool tables, a library of 300 to 500 volumes, a buffet, etc. The objects of the club are to promote social fellowship among the members of the various workingmen's organizations in Buffalo and those who are in sympathy with the labor movement; to encourage the educational development of the workers and improve their conditions wherever possible. The officers of the club are all well known in progressive labor circles. The club-house is located at 49 Cottage street, about one block west of the Elmwood Music Hall, on the Hoyt-Seneca car line.



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THE BIBLE AND THE WASH RAG

By Ted Robinson

On August 8, Comrade Henry P. Richardson engaged a room for the night at the De Soto hotel, Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Richardson is a representative of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago publishers of books on scientific Socialism; he was in Mansfield for the purpose of selling books to the local dealers.

The day was hot. Mr. Richardson was tired and travel-stained. He asked to be shown to his room early, and at about 8:30 he retired. He arose early the next morning, gathered together his belongings—a grip and a satchel of books and papers—paid his bill and left. Having found that his business would keep him in Mansfield longer than he had expected, he went to another hotel that night, on the advice of a friend who knew conditions in Mansfield.

The next day Mr. Richardson completed his transactions and proceeded to Marion. That evening he was arrested in a Marion hotel, taken back to Mansfield and locked up on the charge of "maliciously destroying a Holy Bible."

The charge was incomprehensible to Mr. Richardson, who had seen no Bibles in Mansfield, and who, as a lover of books, a reader of the literatures of many nations, a dealer in books, and finally a man of intelligence and common sense, was the last man to destroy any book wantonly or with malice. But there was the charge. The prisoner immediately secured bail (and he was an absolute stranger in the town) and the following morning he was bound over to the grand jury on the charge stated. Meanwhile the proprietor of the second hotel at which he had spent a night got wind of proceedings and swore out another warrant against him—this time charging him with malicious destruction of a washrag valued at five cents.

Mr. Richardson's bond was set at \$200, and it was immediately furnished by a few Mansfield Socialists. The grand jury found an indictment against him in the September term, and his trial was fixed for October 7. Before the trial, however, the washrag indictment was quashed and the bond reduced to \$100.

Exhibit A was a somewhat bedraggled copy of a Bible said to retail at \$1, and of the variety placed in hotel rooms by the 'Gideons,' a religious organization of traveling men. This Gideon Bible showed signs of having fallen in the water at some time; its covers were loose, and its pages ruffled. The state produced three witnesses—the proprietor of the De Soto, the bell boy, and the chambermaid—

in an attempt to prove that the defendant had soaked this Bible in the washstand until it was reduced to this pitiable state. None of these witnesses had seen him do it, none had heard him say anything that would lead to a suspicion that he had done it. They could not even prove that there had ever been an un-mutilated Bible in the room, or that the mutilated Bible had been found there.

The defense introduced but one witness beside Mr. Richardson himself, and that witness was merely a character witness from Cleveland, who knew nothing of the case itself. Mr. Richardson satisfied himself with denying any knowledge of the accident to the Bible, and when the attorneys had made their speeches the case went to the jury.

The jury was out for about five minutes and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

So ended what to an outsider seemed a tempest in a teapot, but what to one acquainted with the circumstances was a case of piffling persecution. It cost Mr. Richardson much in money, time lost from business and nervous strain. If a verdict of guilty had been brought in, the court could have fined the defendant \$500 and imprisoned him in the penitentiary for six months. Because he had destroyed a book valued at \$1? No—because he was a Socialist and a salesman of Socialist literature.

This came out at the trial in such a manner as to set the minds of the most skeptical at rest on that point. The prosecutor recited the titles of some of the books sold by the prisoner and assured the jury that no man who sold such books could have any respect for the Holy Word. In his cross-examination of Mr. Richardson, he said "You don't believe that the Gideons ought to put Bibles in hotel rooms, do you?" The court would not allow this question, but the prosecutor did not care; the impression was made on the minds of the jury.

In fact, the whole prosecution was rested on the theory that the prisoner, being a Socialist, was an atheist; and that being an atheist he was fired by an unholy lust for the destruction of copies of the Holy Writ!

And how about the washrag? Quien sabe? Probably the idea trickled through the muddled mind of the man who brought this charge that, since cleanliness is next to godliness, men who rage about the country destroying Bibles will next turn their attention to washrags. The latter supposition is at least as logical as the assumption upon which this remarkable trial was prosecuted.



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Wants a Weekly Review.—A Nevada Red writes: "Enclosed find money order for which send the REVIEW three months to the list of ten wage-slaves that are employed here. Only hope that the time is not far away when the REVIEW will be published weekly as it is the only Socialist magazine worthy the support of a wage-slave.—Joe C. Yeager.

Will the Colorado Miners "Come Back"?—The miners of northern Colorado have been "out" since April 1, 1910, but on September 23 the southern field came "out" and new life has been put into the northern strike. Sheriff Buster of Boulder county arrested thirty-nine strikers for picketing at Louisville on Friday, October 10, as there is an anti-picket law in Colorado. The REVIEW would like to ask how long this law would be constitutional if every miner and wage-slave in and around the mines would get out on the picket line?

From San Francisco.—"I am just in receipt of yours of September 30, and though it is now my dinner hour (with which I usually allow nothing to interfere), I am taking the time from that to enclose you my check for \$12.00 to help on in the stock of the publishing company and for the Marx books. I hope this, added to others, may put the publishing company on a basis to do more and more good in the grand work of human freedom."—O. Eastland.

Study Club in Philadelphia.—The Philadelphia comrades have started a new class in Marxian Economics. Comrade Moss writes that the club will be open for new members at 21st and Federal every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. The 36th Ward branch has ordered twelve sets of Marx' Capital. Everybody interested in studying scientific Socialism—here is your chance if you live in Philadelphia. All good wishes to the study club.

Socialist Study Clubs.—The state of Washington is the first in the field this year with announcements and plans for Local Party Study Clubs. Comrade C. W. Garret writes that Local Puyallup has already outlined its course. The state has organized a Socialist Educational Bureau, of which Comrade J. E. Sinclair, who will conduct the course in the REVIEW, is secretary. The REVIEW course will be in Scientific Socialism. Comrade Sinclair will also conduct lessons in American History from the economic viewpoint, in the *Socialistic Worker*, published at 2121 Jefferson avenue, Tacoma, Wash., and edited by Comrade Aller. Owing to the kindness of the local comrades, the REVIEW is able to offer both the *Socialistic Worker* and the REVIEW for \$1.25 a year. Take this up at your local meeting and start classes for everybody. The *Worker* comes every week. We also wish to call the attention of our readers to Samuel Ball's correspondence course in How to Become a Successful Socialist Speaker. Comrade Ball's course is worked out by practical experience and those who have heard him speak know that his success as a lecturer has been phenomenal. Send stamps for reply when making inquiries about the course in speaking and address Samuel W. Ball, 6442 Bishop street, Chicago, Ill.

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The **Socialist News**, published at Kelso, Wash., and edited by Wm. Marston and L. S. Ellis, is about the liveliest little party-owned sheet we have seen. It is owned by the S. P. of Cowlitz county and contains more Marxian Socialism to the square inch than most of our papers have to the square yard. Full of good things boiled down.

Allentown, Pa.—Has a new and snappy newspaper edited by Robert J. Wheeler. All reports show that the paper is going to be a big factor in the coming election—when the comrades have a pretty good chance of getting a wedge in.

Takes Off His Hat.—Comrade Butler of Eureka, Calif., writes: "My hat is off to your splendid achievements. Whenever I can raise a sub, or use a bundle you will hear from me. The REVIEW is by far the greatest working class magazine in the world."

Branch Oakland, Calif.—The Socialist local of Oakland got a big order from this house last month and comrades are boasting that the Oakland has the finest supply of scientific Socialist books of any branch on the coast. How about it?

In Mexico.—Comrade Charles Clinton of Bisbee, Arizona, delegate to the I. W. W. convention, said in his resolution, which was unanimously passed by the convention: "The Mexican Revolutionists have now reached a critical point, that of expropriating the land. This year the Mexican peons of five states harvested the crops and put them in their own barns, and, in many places, burnt the title deeds and have declared their intention of using this land for themselves in the future. Last week the Yaquis Indians demanded the return of all lands taken from them by Diaz. They have six thousand armed men and there is no government strong enough to oppose them in Mexico now, as the largest part of this land is owned by absent landlords now living in the United States." The convention passed a resolution as follows: "That we go on record that if the U. S. goes to war with Mexico we will raise the Red Flag in this country. Open revolt rather than war."

A Light Spreader.—Comrade Coogan of Marblehead, Mass., writes: "As a light-spreader the REVIEW gives the capitalists the cold shivers. Long may it live."

Best Ever.—Comrade Neal of Little Rock, Arkansas, writes sending in his sub. card at the same time, "I will not miss a single number of the REVIEW. It surpasses all other Socialist publications."

Another Red Magazine.—Already the American revolutionary movement was blessed with *The Masses*, for art and literature and the New REVIEW for science. Now comes *Revolution*, a new militant western magazine, published at Medford, Oregon, and edited by Comrades Allan Brackinreed and Bill Guernsey. We hope to quote elsewhere a little jingle appearing in the October number, entitled, "'Tis of Thee." The children will enjoy it. Good luck to the Oregon comrades. We think they have started a winner!

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Free Reviews.—All hustlers or comrades who would like to take subscriptions for the REVIEW write us for a free bundle of back numbers to be used as samples in getting new names. Don't overlook the fact that you can get a FREE trip to Vienna, Austria, next summer when delegates will be sent from every large country in the world to attend the International Socialist Congress. Three hundred subs. will do it. We pay steamer and railroad fare (and \$25.00 for European hotel bills) from any city east of Chicago to Vienna and return.

New Zealand Wide Awake.—The secretary sent in an order for over \$50.00 for books and REVIEWS. The list he made up shows the New Zealand Socialists are using the kind of educational literature that makes rebels who know what they want and how to get it. Congratulations to our friends in New Zealand.

Fourteen Points.—Comrade Pugh of Birmingham set the subscription clerk working fourteen points faster this week by sending in fourteen subs. which he landed at a meeting of the L. U. B. It looks to us as though we were going to have a bunch of friends in that organization before long.

Pass It Along.—Comrade Jacobson of Syracuse writes that every subscriber to the REVIEW should pass his copy along to a neighbor or friend. I think this would soon double our circulation. He also suggests that the owner order an extra copy for himself. How do you like the idea?

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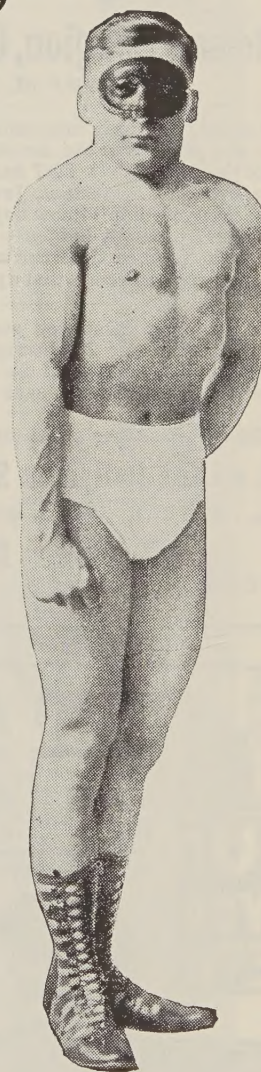
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